

MARVEL

COMICS

MARCH NO. 62

MYSTERY

10c





New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5x7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1040 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1040 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name Color of Hair
Address Color of Eyes
City State



NEW True-Love and Friendship RING and Matching EARRINGS

PENDANT HEART DESIGN
What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin Sterling Silver Pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

1.95 EACH
10 DAYS TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY

Mail the coupon today. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings, on arrival. **SEND NO MONEY** with order. Wear 10 days on money-back guarantee.

SEND TODAY GIVEN

Hollywood Photo Folder

If you order **BOTH** the Ring AND Earrings and send your order **PROMPTLY**. Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 98-E.P. Jefferson, Iowa

I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

☐ Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring ☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

I understand I can return my order within 10 days any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name
Address
City
State Ring Size

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Locket Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today. **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-286, Jefferson, Iowa**

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-286 Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Gift I would like to have you send me.

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HUMAN TORCH



"DOLLS
OF
DEATH"

JACK CARLSON, WEALTHY WALL STREET BROKER, PAUSES AT HIS MAIL-BOX BEFORE GOING ON TO HIS OFFICE---

H'MM! MAYBE I SHOULD GO TO THE POLICE! BUT---IT'S PROBABLY JUST A CRANK LETTER!

YOUR SECOND WARNING WAS THE LAST! READ IT'S REWARD!

AND PROCEEDING TO THE CARLSON APARTMENT--

SPECIAL DELIVERY PACKAGE FOR YOU, MRS. CARLSON! SIGN HERE, PLEASE!

CERTAINLY! THERE YOU ARE! I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE!

BUT AS CARLSON LEAVES THE APARTMENT-HOUSE, A MAIL-MAN ENTERS IT--!

IF THESE LETTERS KEEP COMING, I'LL TAKE THEM TO THE AUTHORITIES! JOKES CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR!

OPENING THE PACKAGE, REVEALS---

IT'S BEAUTIFUL! BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO WOULD SEND IT! OH, WELL, MAYBE ONE OF JACK'S FRIENDS!

COME HERE, DEAR! THE MAIL-MAN JUST BROUGHT YOU A LOVELY DOLL!

O'HHH! WAIT TILL JANET SEES IT! CAN I HOLD IT, MOMMY? CAN I--?

AS MARY HURRIES TOWARD HER MOTHER, THERE IS A SUDDEN---

OF COURSE, DEAR! IT'S YOURS! A FRIEND OF DADDY'S SENT IT!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DOLL, MOMMY!

E'IEEEEEEEE!

MOMMY!
MOMMY!
O'HHHH!

A SPECIAL EDITION OF THE MORNING PAPER HITS THE STREET!

X'TRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE MYSTERY SLAYING! X'TRA! X'TRA!

HEY, JIMMY! BRING ONE UP!

BOOM!

GOSH, TORCH! IT'S AWFUL!

EXTRA
WIFE OF
BROKER KILL
IN MYSTERY
BLAST!

H'MMM! RECEIVED TWO NOTES DEMANDING MONEY! THINK NOTES TIE KILLING UP WITH TWO KNOWN CASES OF EXTORTION! THAT'S--

TELEPHONE, TORCH!

HELLO! TORCH SPEAKING!

CHIEF BRANDON, TORCH! I'M AT THE CARLSON APARTMENT!

R-RING
R-RING?

WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER! SO-LONG, CHIEF!

SO-LONG! BUT HURRY, TORCH! (CLICK!)

INSTANTLY THE DUO FLAME---

WHERE DO WE GO FIRST?

TO THE CARLSON HOME, KID!

AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER AT THE CARLSON APARTMENT...

FLAME OFF,
TORO!

IT WAS A POWERFUL
BLAST! THE WOMAN
DIED INSTANTLY!

OKAY, TORCH,
WHAT A MESS!

HOW ABOUT
THE GIRL!

HURT BAD,
BUT STILL
CONSCIOUS
WHEN WE
GOT HERE!

ANY IDEA
WHAT CAUSED
IT?

A BOMB HIDDEN IN A LARGE
DOLL! THE KID KEPT CRYING
THAT A DOLL HURT HER
MOMMY! JOE! SHOW
'EM WHAT WE PICKED UP!

RIGHT,
CHIEF!

HMMM...
THESE CURVED
BITS OF METAL
WOULD BE
BOMB FRAG-
MENTS...
ANY IDEA
WHO SENT
THE BOMB?

THE GIRL SAID THE
MAIL-MAN BROUGHT
IT! WE CHECKED!
IT CAME THRU THE
MAIL ALL RIGHT!

HOW ABOUT THE
HUSBAND?
DOES HE
KNOW WHO
MAY HAVE
DONE THIS?

NO! HE DID TELL
US ABOUT TWO
NOTES DEMAND-
ING MONEY
THOUGH! HE
IGNORED THEM...
THOUGHT THEY
WERE THE WORK
OF A CRANK!

EVIDENCE IN
CARLSON CASE

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S THE WORK OF AN EXTORTION GANG!

PROBABLY THE SAME ONE WHO EXTORTED MONEY FROM THOSE OTHER TWO WEALTHY FAMILIES! BUT HOW CAN WE CATCH THEM?

THE DOLL! IF WE CAN TRACE IT BACK TO ITS MAKER... WE'VE GOT THEM!



THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF DOLL MANUFACTURERS IN THE COUNTRY! HOW ARE WE...

WE'LL FIND THE FIRM THAT MADE THIS WIG, KID! THEN GET A LIST OF HIS CUSTOMERS WHO MAKE HAND-MADE DOLLS!

BECAUSE, IT'D TAKE A HAND-MADE JOB TO CONCEAL THE BOMB SO IT WOULDN'T BE SUSPECTED! LET'S GO, TORO!

THERE'D ONLY BE A FEW OF THOSE! BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW IT'S HAND MADE?



INSTANTLY THE DUO FLAME...

WHERE DO WE GO FIRST, TORCH?

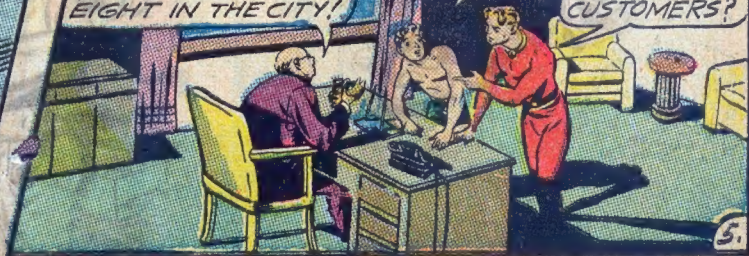
GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

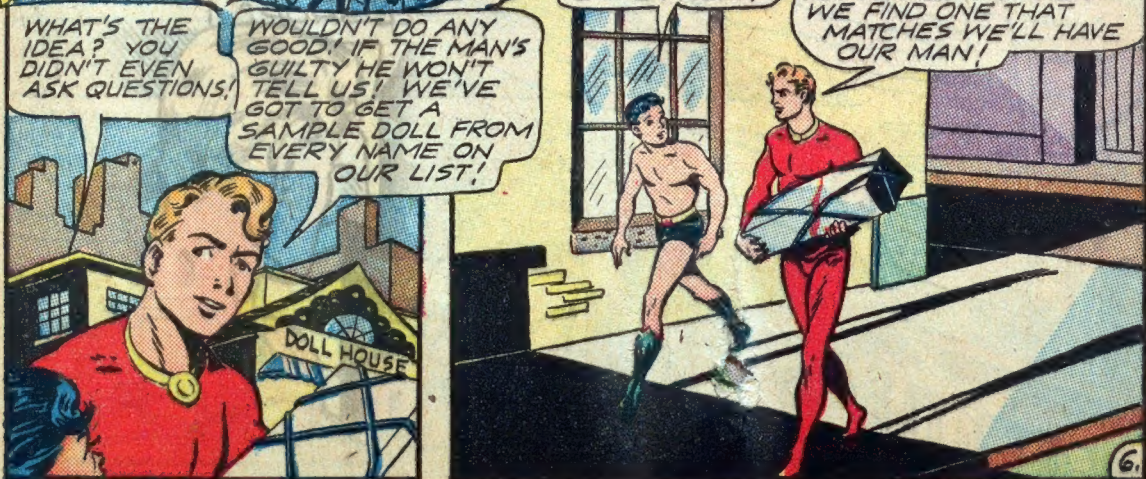
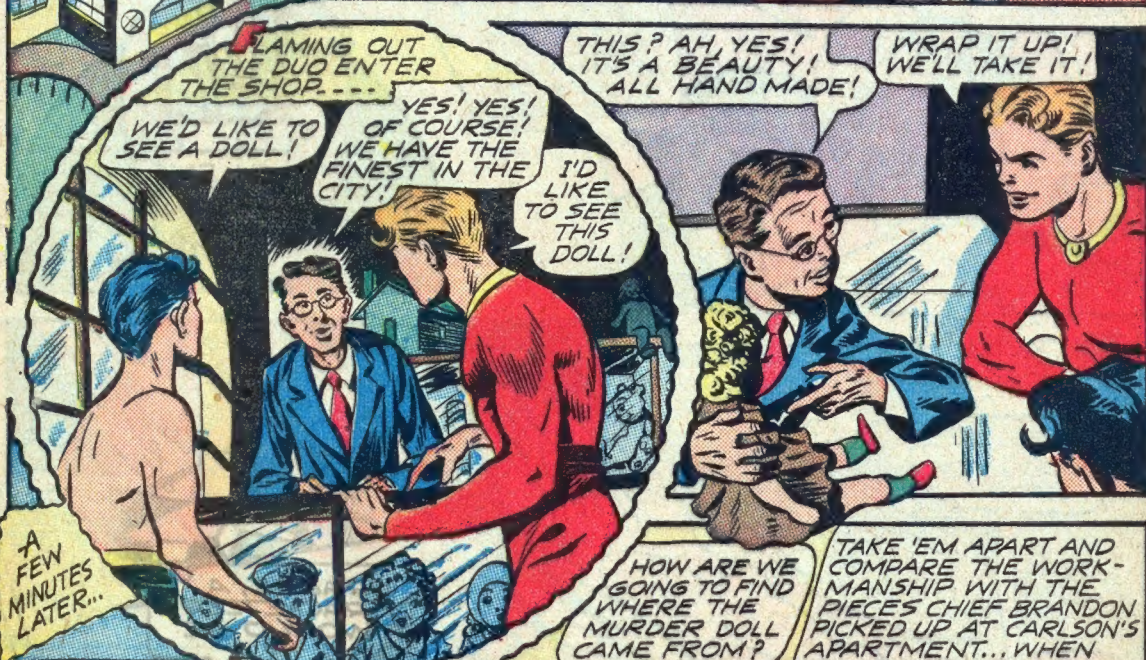
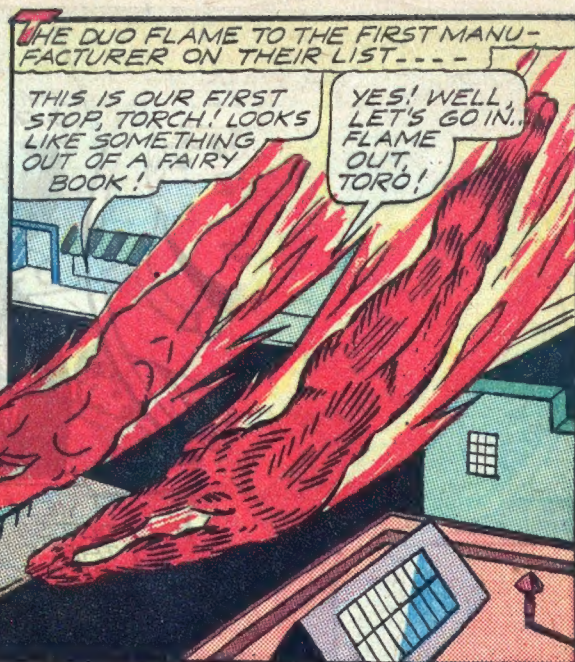
GRAFTON AND GROUSE! THEY'RE THE LARGEST DOLL-WIG MANUFACTURERS IN THE CITY!

SOME MOMENTS LATER IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE OF GRAFTON AND GROUSE...

YES, THIS IS OURS! WE SELL THIS TYPE ONLY TO MAKERS OF THE HIGHER PRICED DOLLS! THERE ARE ONLY EIGHT IN THE CITY!

GOOD! THAT RIGHT! COULD YOU GET US THE NAMES OF THOSE CUSTOMERS?





THAT MEANS WE HAVE TO TRUCK AROUND THE CITY BUYIN' DOLLS!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WE MAY AS WELL GET STARTED!

SOME HOURS LATER---

I'M SURE THE LITTLE GIRL WILL LIKE THE DOLL!

O'HHH! AND I'M SURE MY FEET WOULD LIKE A REST!

STOP MOANIN! THERE'S JUST ONE PLACE LEFT! THE ELLEN LANE DOLL SHOPPE!

PRESENTLY!

THIS IS IT!

YES! YOU STAY OUTSIDE AND HOLD THE PACKAGES! IT'S BETTER IF I GO IN ALONE!



YES SIR!

I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME DOLLS!



MOMENTS LATER AS TORCH EMERGES WITH HIS PURCHASE!

WELL, DID YOU? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THAT MAN! I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE! I'VE GOT IT!



WELL-- WHO IS HE?

JOE GRABBE, A POLICY RACKETEER! WHAT WOULD HE BE DOING IN A DOLL SHOP?

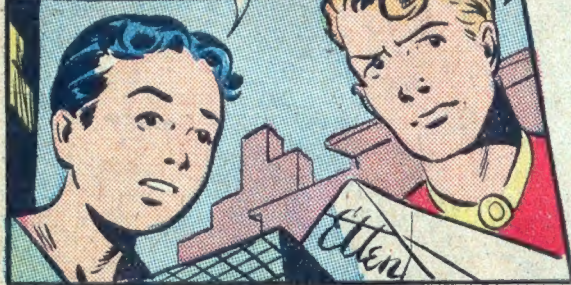


I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE APPEARS TO BE AT HOME! HE'S GOING RIGHT THRU TO THE BACK ROOM!

SO HE IS! I'VE A HUNCH THIS IS THE SHOP WE'RE LOOKING FOR, TORO!

WHAT D'WE DO ABOUT IT?

DUMP THESE DOLLS IN THE ALLEY AND FIND A WINDOW WHERE WE CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

CAN YOU SEE, TORCH? LET ME TAKE A LOOK!

OKAY, KID! BUT BE CAREFUL OF THESE CANS! I--? LISTEN...

THERE IS ONE FOOL WHO REFUSES TO BE WARNED BY CARLSON'S MISTAKE! HE MUST DIE!

THEN WE'LL SEND HIM A DOLL OF DEATH!

YES! TO LET HIM LIVE WOULD ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO HOLD OUT!

HEAR THAT? THESE SNAKES ARE THE ONES WE WANT! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK!



BUT IN HIS EAGERNESS TO SEE, TORO KNOCKS AN EMPTY TIN CAN OFF THE RUBBISH, AND-----

TORCH AND TORO WERE HERE BUT THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT A THING!

YEAH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST A STRAY CAT!

I'M NOT SO SURE! LOOK ANYWAY!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S IN THE ALLEY!

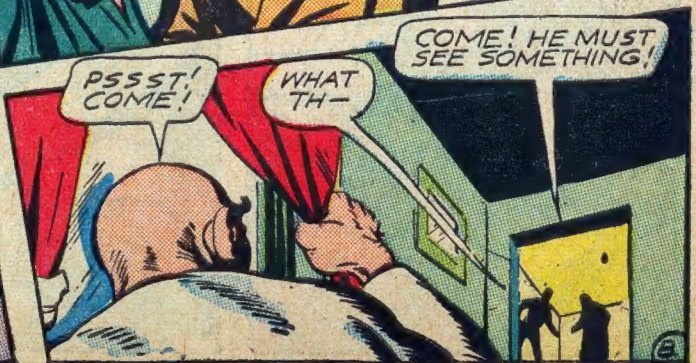
I---? OOOPHS!



PSSST! COME!

WHAT TH--

COME! HE MUST SEE SOMETHING!



THERE'S DA CAT! TORCH AND HIS POISON PAL!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING---LET'S SCRAM!

LEAVE A SOFT RACKET FOR THOSE TWO? NO! I'M WELL PREPARED FOR THEM!

WHILE IN THE ALLEY OUTSIDE---

WELL, TORCH! THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT IT WAS THE WIND OR SOMETHING! NOW WHAT?

THEY'RE PREPARING ANOTHER DEATH DOLL! WE'LL GET IT AS EVIDENCE, AND THEN START CLEANING UP!

HOW WILL WE GET THE DOLL--THEY'RE STILL IN THE ROOM!

I DON'T KNOW, BUT--? LISTEN! THE WOMAN'S TALKING AGAIN!

THAT'S HOW! WHILE THEY'RE IN THE STORE, WE'LL CLIMB THRU THAT BACK WINDOW!

O.K., TORCH! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

COME! WE'LL FINISH OUR DISCUSSION IN THE STORE!

BUT AS THE DUO HEAD FOR THE OTHER WINDOW!

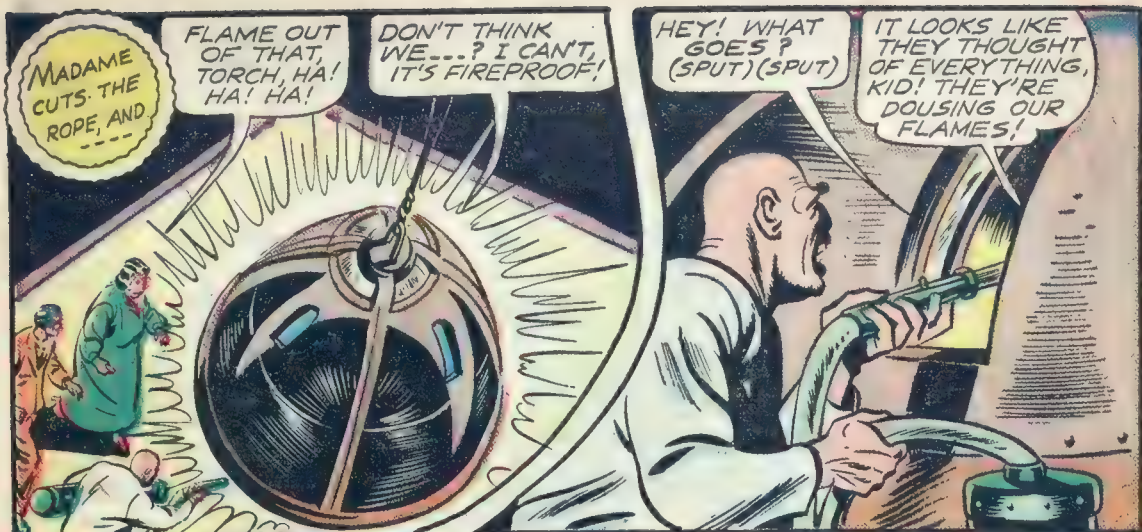
AND AS THE UN-SUSPECTING PAIR CLIMB THRU THE WINDOW INTO THE REAR ROOM---

GOOD, MADAME! YOUR RUSE WORKED!

YES! I THOUGHT SO! COME! WE'LL SPRING THE TRAP!

SAY, WHAT'S THIS WE'RE STANDING ON TORCH? IT LOOKS LIKE----

ASBESTOS! FLAME, TORO--WE'RE IN A----



MADAME CUTS THE ROPE, AND...

FLAME OUT OF THAT, TORCH, HA! HA! HA!

DON'T THINK WE...? I CAN'T, IT'S FIREPROOF!

HEY! WHAT GOES? (SPUT) (SPUT)

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING, KID! THEY'RE DOUSING OUR FLAMES!

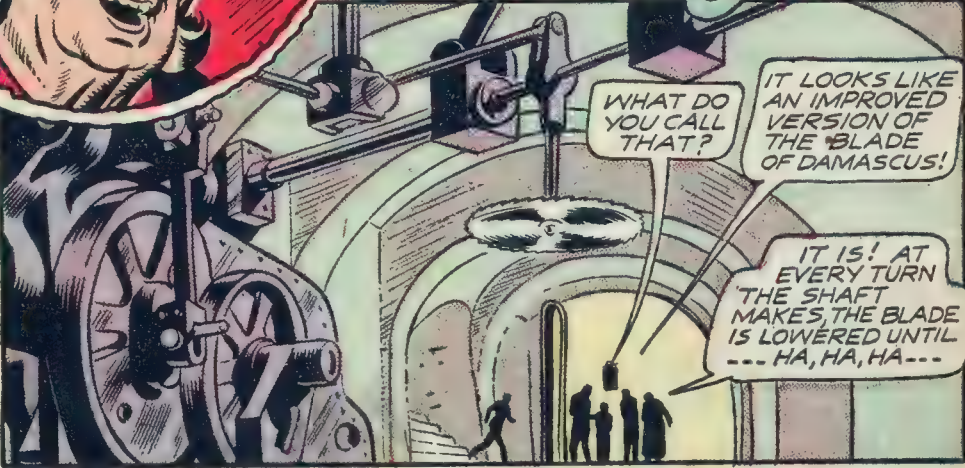
NOW IT DOES NO HARM TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'VE GUESSED THE SECRET OF THE DOLLS AND TIME BOMBS INSIDE THEM!

WITH YOU DEAD FOREVER, WE'VE ONE FOOLISH ONE TO DISPOSE OF TONIGHT! BUT ENOUGH! PINHEAD! GET THE ASBESTOS JACKETS... WE'LL TAKE THESE FOOLS TO THE BASEMENT!

YES, MADAME!



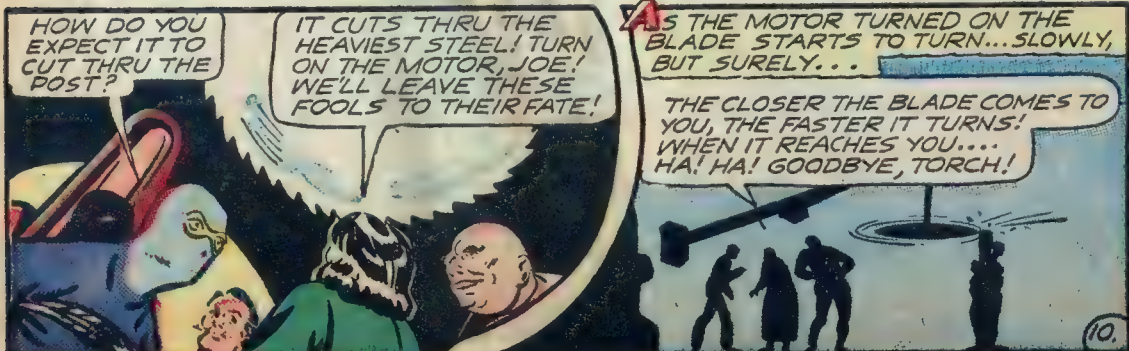
BOUND IN ASBESTOS STRAIT-JACKETS, THE DUO ARE CARRIED TO A BASEMENT TORTURE CHAMBER!



WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?

IT LOOKS LIKE AN IMPROVED VERSION OF THE BLADE OF DAMASCUS!

IT IS! AT EVERY TURN THE SHAFT MAKES THE BLADE IS LOWERED UNTIL... HA, HA, HA...

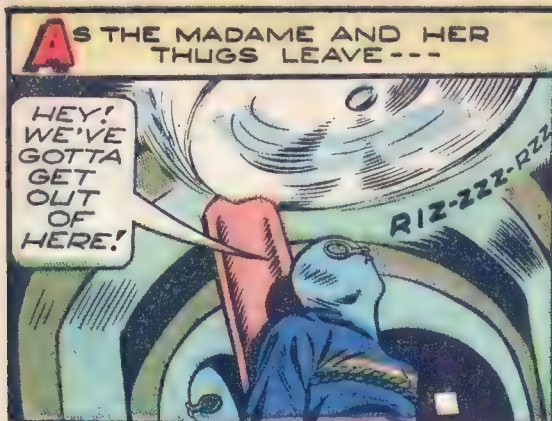


HOW DO YOU EXPECT IT TO CUT THRU THE POST?

IT CUTS THRU THE HEAVIEST STEEL! TURN ON THE MOTOR, JOE! WE'LL LEAVE THESE FOOLS TO THEIR FATE!

AS THE MOTOR TURNED ON THE BLADE STARTS TO TURN... SLOWLY, BUT SURELY...

THE CLOSER THE BLADE COMES TO YOU, THE FASTER IT TURNS! WHEN IT REACHES YOU... HA! HA! GOODBYE, TORCH!

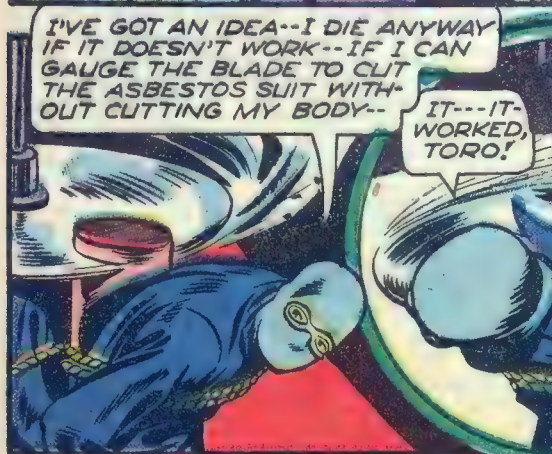
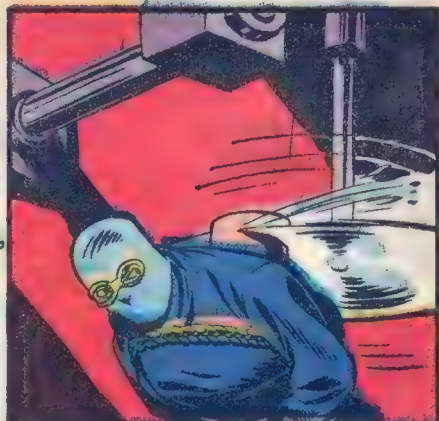


AS THE MADAME AND HER THUGS LEAVE---

HEY!
WE'VE
GOTTA
GET
OUT
OF
HERE!

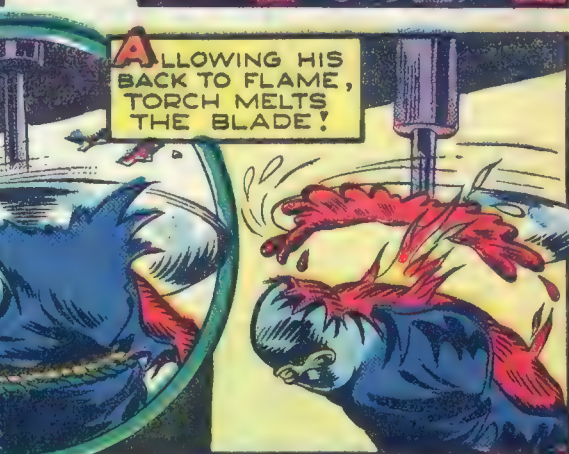
RIZ-ZZZ-RZZ

THE WHIR-
RING
BLADE
AS IT
IS LOW-
ERED,
SPINS
A SONG
OF
DEATH
FOR
TORCH!

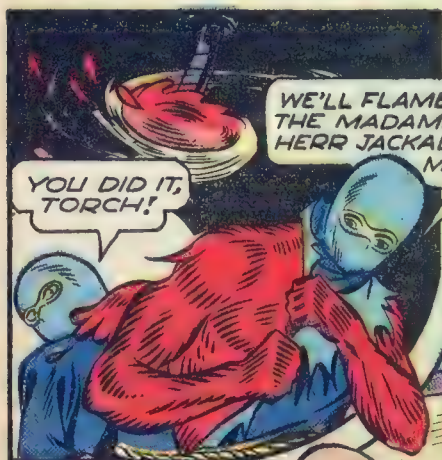


I'VE GOT AN IDEA--I DIE ANYWAY
IF IT DOESN'T WORK--IF I CAN
GAUGE THE BLADE TO CUT
THE ASBESTOS SUIT WITH-
OUT CUTTING MY BODY--

IT---IT-
WORKED,
TORO!



ALLOWING HIS
BACK TO FLAME,
TORCH MELTS
THE BLADE!

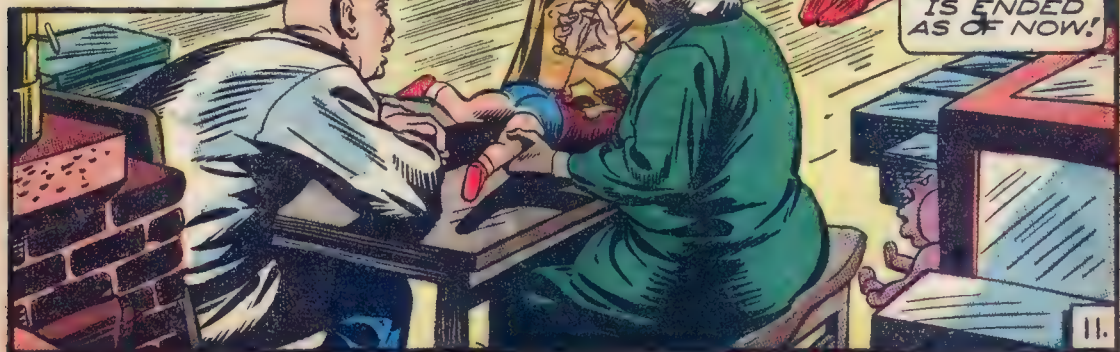


YOU DID IT,
TORCH!

WE'LL FLAME AFTER
THE MADAME AND
HERR JACKALS IN A
MINUTE!

YOU'VE SET
THE TIME-
BOMB FOR
NINE THIRTY--

YES! IT'LL GO OFF
MINUTES AFTER ITS
DELIVERY! NOW WITH
THE TORCH DEAD---
OUR BUSINESS---



IS ENDED
AS OF NOW!

MEANWHILE, IN THE WORKSHOP
UPSTAIRS---

THE DUO'S ENTRANCE THROWS THE MADAME'S JACKALS INTO PANIC----

BUT AS THE PAIR FLAME AFTER THE THUGS, MADAME----

LET ME OUT!
THEY'LL
FRY ME!

AFTER
THEM,
TORO!

OUR WORK IS RUINED! I'LL
RESET THIS BOMB AND
BLOW 'EM ALL UP!

HEY, TORCH!
THE MADAME--
SHE'S----

TOO
LATE! I'LL
BLOW
YOU ALL
UP!

NOW
DIE!
DIE...
WHA-?

MAYBE
THIS'LL
CHANGE
YOUR
MIND!

AND--
GOLLY! KILLED BY
THEIR OWN
INFERNAL
BOMBS!

A FITTING
END!

LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!
IN A MOMENT
THAT BOMB'LL--
-----!

MUCH
LATER--

THE CITY OWES YOU A VOTE
OF THANKS, TORCH! YOU'VE
BROUGHT TO JUSTICE THE
MOST VICIOUS GANG WE'VE
EVER KNOWN!

THANKS, CHIEF! WE'VE
HAD OUR REWARD IN
BEING ABLE TO PER-
FORM THIS SERVICE--
EH, TORO?

THAT GOES
FOR ME TOO!

THE END

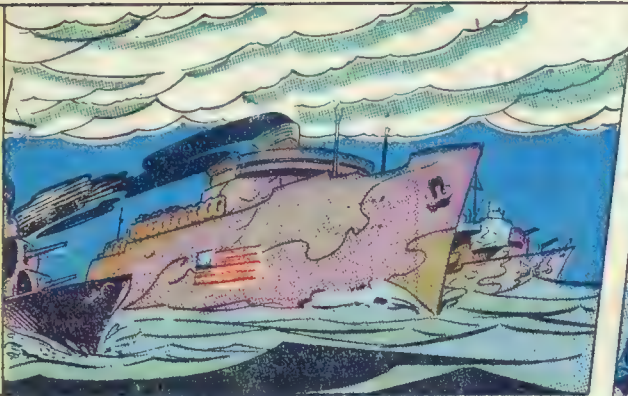
SUB-MARINER

CATASTROPHE STRIKES IN A WHIRLPOOL OF FLAMING WATER! WEIRD DEVASTATION PANICS AMERICAN OFFICIALS AS THE OCEAN FIRE TWISTS SHIPS ASUNDER AND LEAVES THEM NO MORE THAN CRUSHED HULLS OF MOLTEN METAL! WHAT IS THIS GRUESOME BLUE-WHITE MONSTER OF DESTRUCTION? SUB-MARINER FINDS THE ANSWER AS HE FIGHTS THE AWESOME, TERRIFYING...

FOUNTAINS OF FLAME

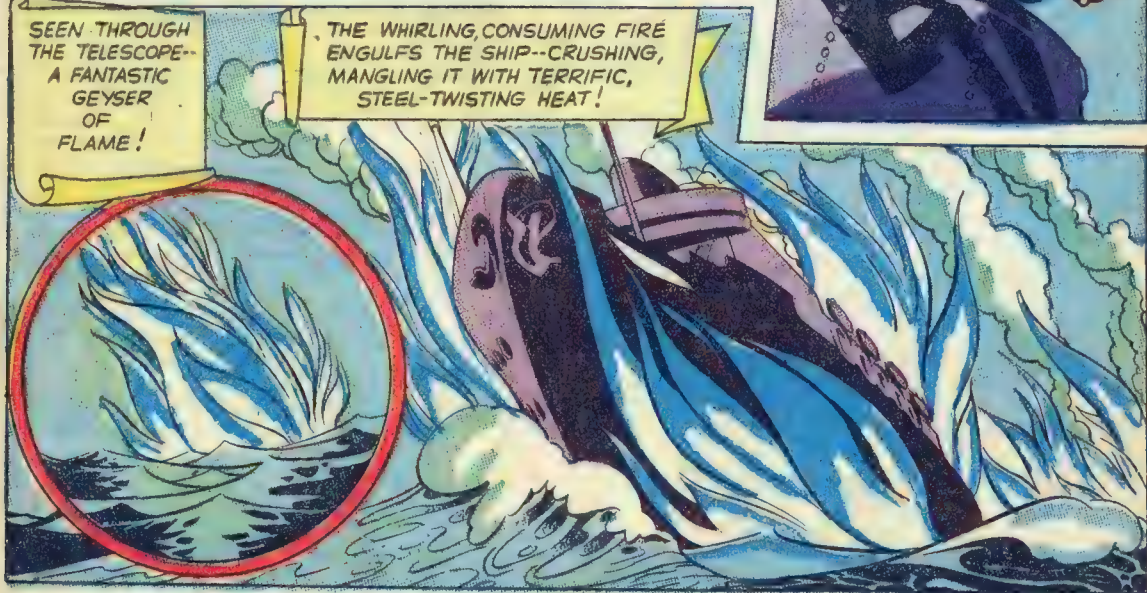


SOMEWHERE
IN THE
PACIFIC,
HEADED FOR
A U.S. BASE
IN THE
SOUTH SEAS,
A HUGE
AMERICAN
TROOPSHIP
CONVOYED
BY
DESTROYERS--



SEEN THROUGH
THE TELESCOPE--
A FANTASTIC
GEYSER
OF
FLAME!

THE WHIRLING, CONSUMING FIRE
ENGULFS THE SHIP--CRUSHING,
MANGLING IT WITH TERRIFIC,
STEEL-TWISTING HEAT!



AND LATER--AT THE HARBOR OF
A SMALL U.S. BASE IN THE SOUTH
SEAS---



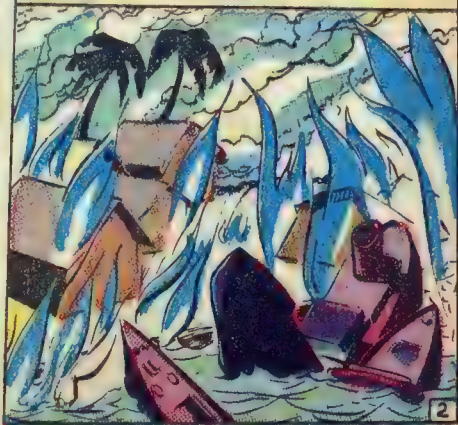
SUDDENLY A BLUE
GLOW FILLS THE AIR--

WHAT THE--A CONE
OF FIRE--TRAVELING ON
THE SURFACE
OF THE WATER!

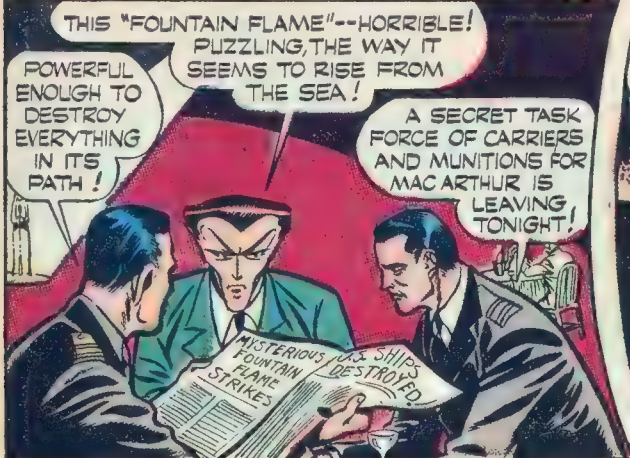
IT'S COMING
INTO THE
HARBOR!



AS THE FLAME OF DEATH AND DEV-
ASTATION STRIKES, SHIPS ARE TWISTED
AND BROKEN--HOUSES BURN--CHAOS
AND CATASTROPHE CRUSH THE NATIVE
VILLAGE!



AT A SMALL CAFÉ IN HONOLULU--



WE'RE STARTING FROM HERE AT MID-NIGHT, FOR AUSTRALIA! SHOULD THE FIRE-FOUNTAIN ATTACK US, WE'D BE HELPLESS!

GOOD LUCK! I'LL DO MY BEST TO PROTECT THIS VITAL TASK FORCE!



ALONE...SUB-MARINER PONDER'S HIS GREAT PROBLEM

BUT HOW CAN I ENSURE THE SAFETY OF THOSE SHIPS AND SUPPLIES?--I CAN'T SEARCH THE WHOLE PACIFIC FOR SOME SIGN OF TROUBLE!



THE LOVELY, EXOTIC SINGER PASSES CLOSE TO SUB-MARINER'S TABLE...

WILL THE LOTUS BLOSSOMS BLOOM AGAIN BEFORE YOU'RE IN MY ARMS, AGAIN---



DROPPING HER VOICE, THE GIRL SPEAKS A FEW HURRIED WORDS...

SUB-MARINER, YOU ALONE CAN CONQUER THE DEADLY FOUNTAINS OF FLAME! TONIGHT--DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A JAPANESE!

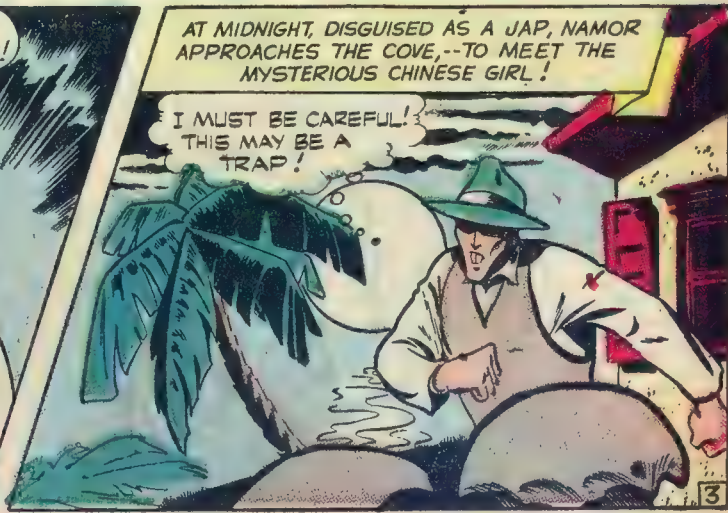


THE STUPID SONS OF JAPAN THINK I AM A JAPANESE SPY! MEET ME AT MIDNIGHT -- WAIKIKI COVE!



AT MIDNIGHT, DISGUISED AS A JAP, NAMOR APPROACHES THE COVE,--TO MEET THE MYSTERIOUS CHINESE GIRL!

I MUST BE CAREFUL! THIS MAY BE A TRAP!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, EVIL SONS OF TOJO
WATCH THE TASK FORCE AS IT SAILS OUT OF
PEARL HARBOR !

OUR LEADER, DR. NICHU, WILL
DESTROY
THE TASK
FORCE !

FIRST WE MEET THE
HONORABLE GIRL WHO
HELPS US--THEN ALL
JOIN
NICHU !

FROM THE SOMBER MIDNIGHT SHADOWS,
THE EXOTIC GIRL EMERGES....

THE JAPANESE
COME ANY
MINUTE !

DON'T WORRY!
I CAN FOOL
THEM !

(SHH! HERE THEY ARE!)
--ER, THIS IS DR. SUI ! HE
IS ALSO HONORED SPY
FOR JAPAN ! HE
WILL HELP
US !

I HAVE INFORMATION
OF AMERICAN
TROOP MOVEMENTS!
YOU TAKE ME TO
YOUR LEADER, YES?

TO DR. NICHU--OF
COURSE--WE
GO NOW !

SUDDENLY, ANOTHER OF THE FIENDISH JAPS
RUSHES UP, SCREAMING...

WAIT ! THE GIRL HAS DECEIVED US !
I HAVE DISCOVERED SHE IS MEI-TOY,
DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS
CHINESE GENERAL !

A SO-DISTINGUISHED
HOSTAGE ! NO ONE WILL
DARE OPPOSE US
WHEN MEI-TOY --
IS OUR PRISONER !

SO CLEVER!
WE TAKE
HER TO NICHU !

THE
CUNNING
JAPS
GRAB
LOVELY
MEI-TOY--!
AND
SUB-MARINER
THROWS
OFF
HIS
DISGUISE !

DON'T BE
TOO SURE
ABOUT
THAT !

ON THE ROCKY PINNACLE ABOVE THE COVE,
SUB-MARINER STRUGGLES WITH HIS
DEADLY ENEMIES IN MORTAL COMBAT!

VALIANTLY SUB-MARINER STRUGGLES
WITH HIS THREE OPPONENTS--UNTIL
ONE OF THEM PULLS OUT A KNIFE--!

SUB-MARINER! BE
CAREFUL!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR
CAUTION!

I ADVISE YOU
NOT TO STRUGGLE,
MEI-TOY! IT
WOULD BE SO
EASY TO
KILL YOU!

BOP!

OUT OF WATER,
THE ODDS ARE TOO
GREAT! ONLY ONE
WAY--!

WE WILL SEE HOW
CLEVER YOU ARE,
SUB-MARINER---
AGAINST A
BLADE OF
DEATH!

WITH A SUDDEN WRITHING OF HIS MIGHTY
MUSCLES, SUB-MARINER HURLS THE JAPS
OFF-BALANCE, AND...

NOW--A STEP DOWN
FOR YOU SONS
OF HEAVEN!

YEEHAW! WE ARE
FALLING!

UNDER
WATER--

INHALE ---
PYGMIES! MAKE
NICE
BUBBLES!

NOW I
GET
HIM!

BLUB!

GLAD YOU
BROUGHT
YOUR DAG-
GER ALONG!

WITH DEVASTATING
STRENGTH, SUB-MARINER
TWISTS THE
JAP'S ARM BACK..

AND WITH A LIGHTNING PLUNGE--!

YOU JAPS ARE SO FOND OF SUICIDE--NOW YOU CAN BOAST ABOUT THIS TO YOUR HONORABLE ANCESTORS!

A JAP SUB! I'D LIKE TO KNOCK THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT, BUT--BETTER MAKE SURE OF SOMETHING FIRST!

AWWG
GURGLE

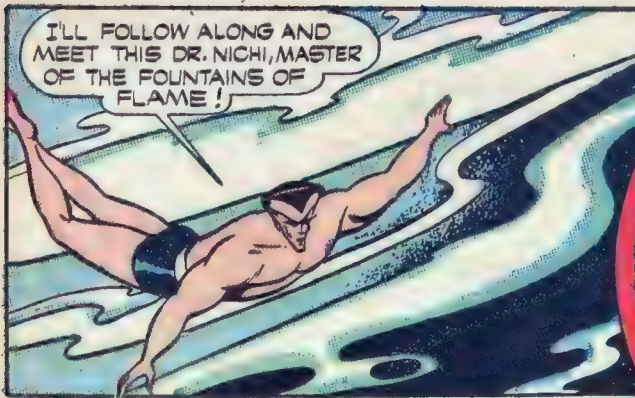
BUT THROUGH A SUBMARINE PORTHOLE, SUB-MARINER SEES..

PLEASE TO REMAIN CALM, HONORABLE MEI-TOY, AND YOU WILL MEET DR. NICH!

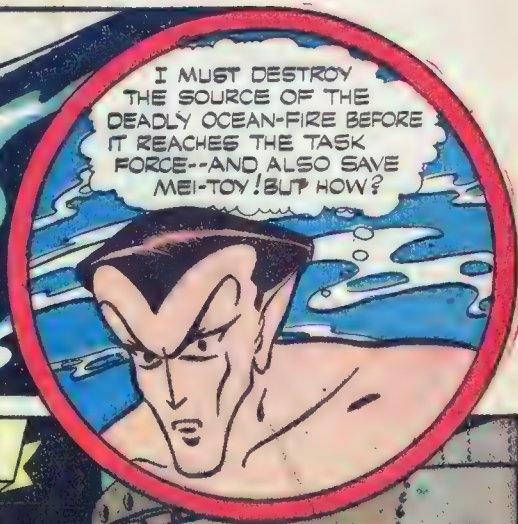
YOU FIENDS!

I'VE GOT TO BE SURE MEI-TOY ISN'T ON BOARD!

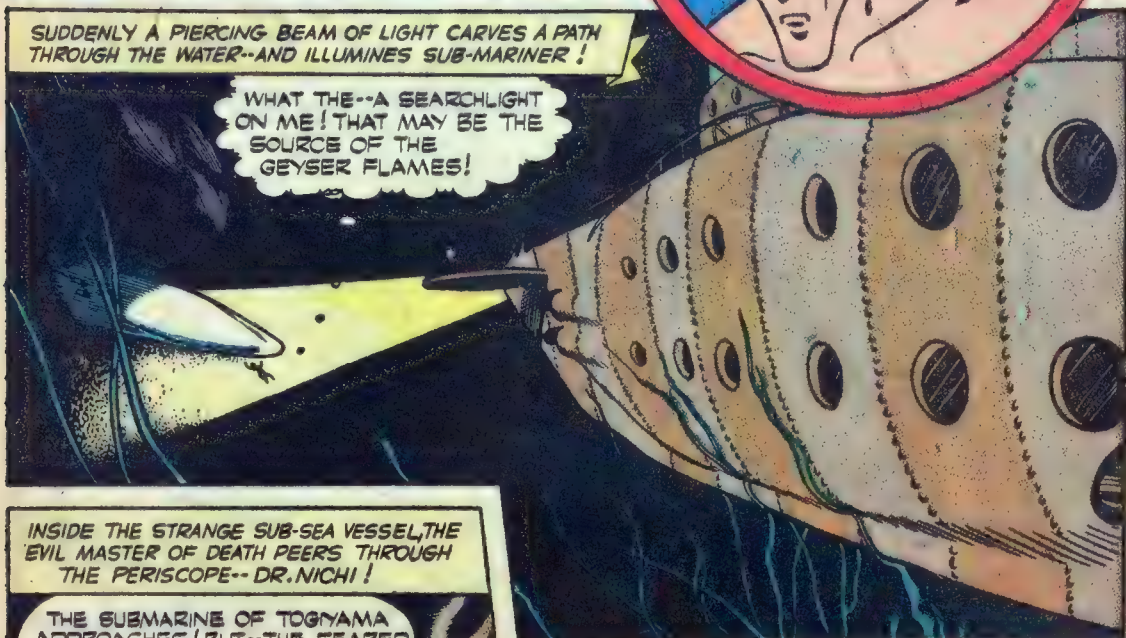
JUST AS I FEARED! THEY'VE ALREADY TAKEN MEI-TOY ABOARD! I CAN'T DESTROY THE SUB!



I'LL FOLLOW ALONG AND MEET THIS DR. NICHİ, MASTER OF THE FOUNTAINS OF FLAME!

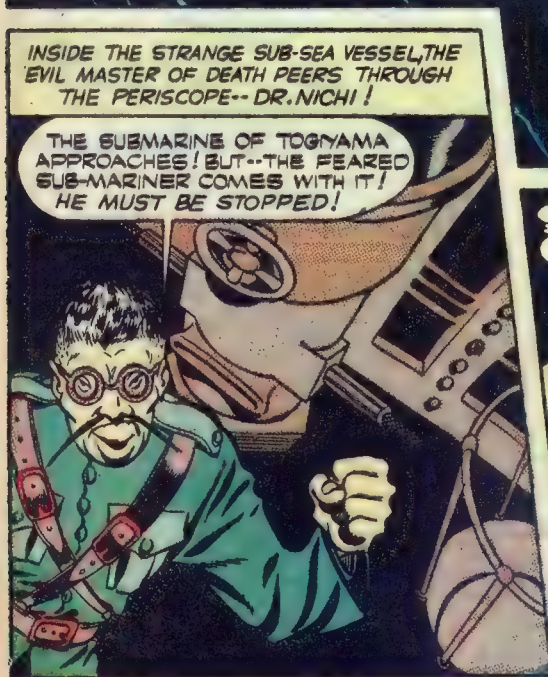


I MUST DESTROY THE SOURCE OF THE DEADLY OCEAN-FIRE BEFORE IT REACHES THE TASK FORCE--AND ALSO SAVE MEI-TOY! BUT HOW?



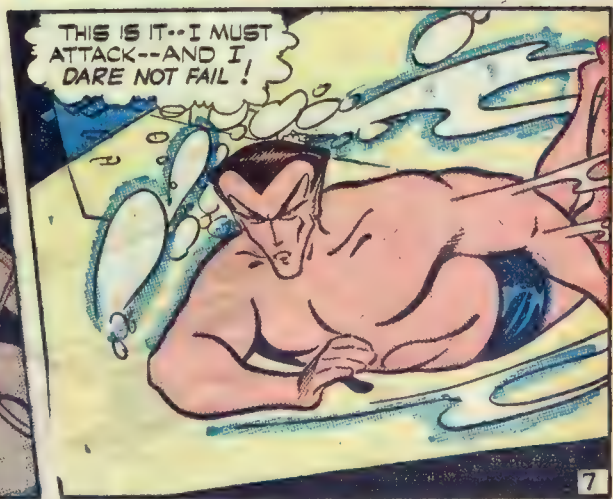
SUDDENLY A PIERCING BEAM OF LIGHT CARVES A PATH THROUGH THE WATER--AND ILLUMINES SUB-MARINER!

WHAT THE--A SEARCHLIGHT ON ME! THAT MAY BE THE SOURCE OF THE GEYSER FLAMES!



INSIDE THE STRANGE SUB-SEA VESSEL, THE EVIL MASTER OF DEATH PEERS THROUGH THE PERISCOPE--DR. NICHİ!

THE SUBMARINE OF TOGYAMA APPROACHES! BUT--THE FEARED SUB-MARINER COMES WITH IT! HE MUST BE STOPPED!



THIS IS IT--I MUST ATTACK--AND I DARE NOT FAIL!

BUT DR. NICHU IS DETERMINED THAT SUB-MARINER SHALL FAIL--AND DIE!

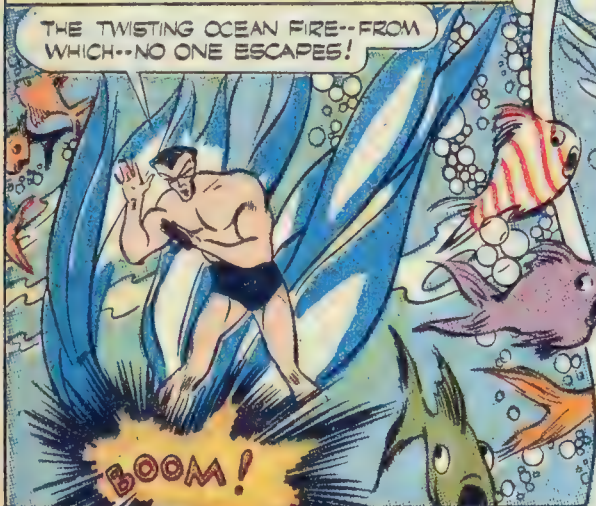
THE SMALL, WEIRD TORPEDO IS RELEASED--!

HEH-HEH! I CHALLENGE YOU TO WITHSTAND THE TERRIBLE FOUNTAIN OF FLAME SUB-MARINER!

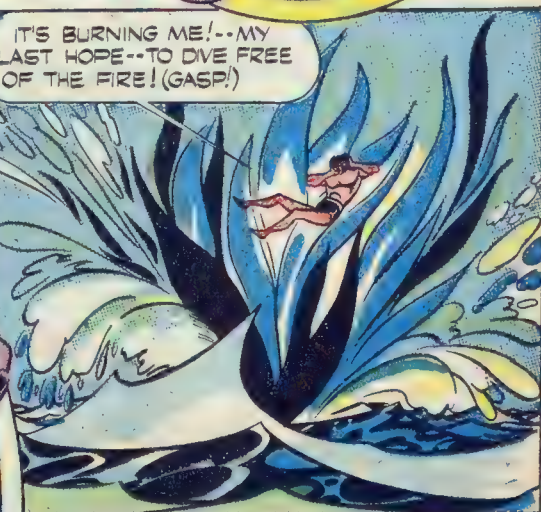


AND, REACHING SUB-MARINER, IT BURSTS INTO GRUESOME BLUE-WHITE FIRE!

THE TWISTING OCEAN FIRE--FROM WHICH--NO ONE ESCAPES!

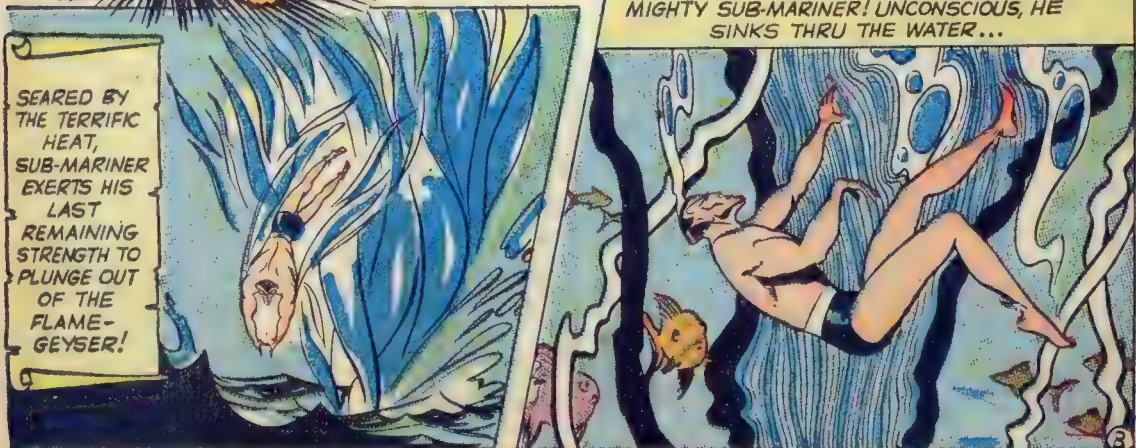


IT'S BURNING ME!--MY LAST HOPE--TO DIVE FREE OF THE FIRE! (GASP!)

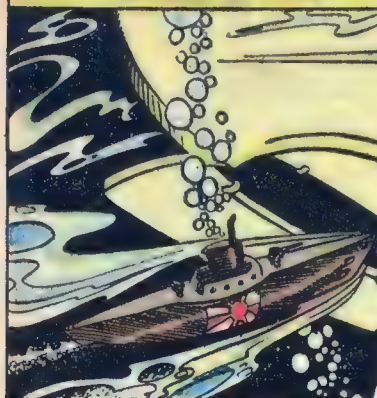


BUT PERHAPS THE FLAME HAS ALREADY LEFT ITS MARK OF DESTRUCTION ON THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER! UNCONSCIOUS, HE SINKS THRU THE WATER...

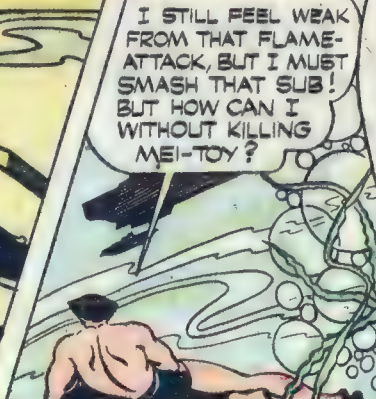
SEARED BY THE TERRIFIC HEAT, SUB-MARINER EXERTS HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH TO PLUNGE OUT OF THE FLAME-GEYSER!



MEANWHILE, THE SMALL SUB ENTERS THE RECEIVING LOCK OF DR. NICHİ'S DEADLY SOURCE OF FIRE!



THE WATER REVIVES SUB-MARINER..



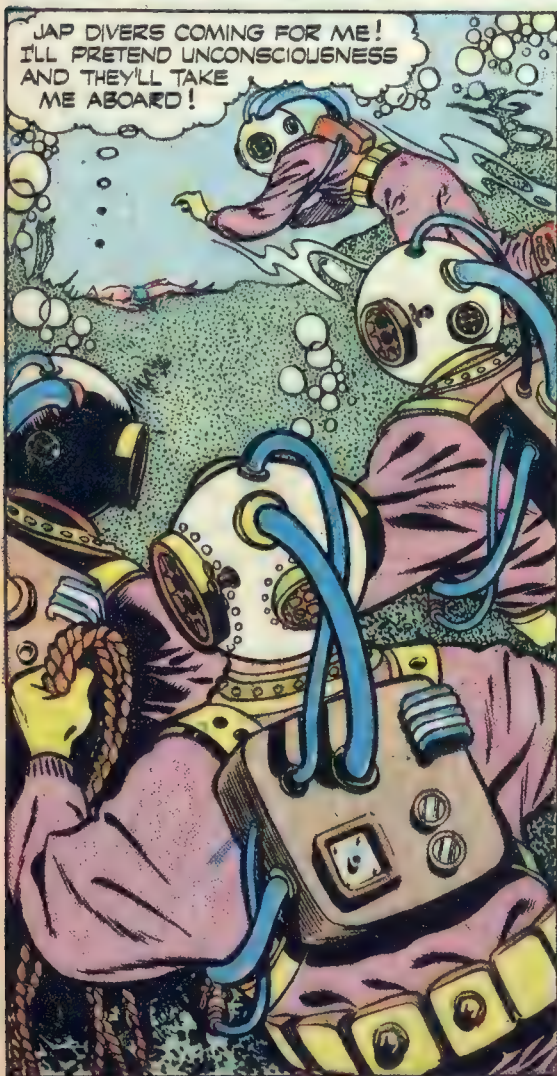
I STILL FEEL WEAK FROM THAT FLAME-ATTACK, BUT I MUST SMASH THAT SUB! BUT HOW CAN I WITHOUT KILLING MEI-TOY?

INSIDE THE HUGE SUB---

IT'S SUB-MARINER--STILL ALIVE! MY DIVERS GET HIM, AND THEN I HAVE GREAT PLEASURE TO WATCH HIM DIE--OF AGONY AND TORTURE!



JAP DIVERS COMING FOR ME! I'LL PRETEND UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND THEY'LL TAKE ME ABOARD!



SUB-MARINER IS TAKEN ABOARD--TO CONFRONT THE FIENDISH DR. NICHİ!

BEFORE YOU DIE, SUB-MARINER, REALIZE MY CLEVERNESS! SOON THE U.S. TASK FORCE WILL BE TWISTED INTO NO MORE THAN MOLTEN METAL BY MY FLAME-FOUNTAINS!

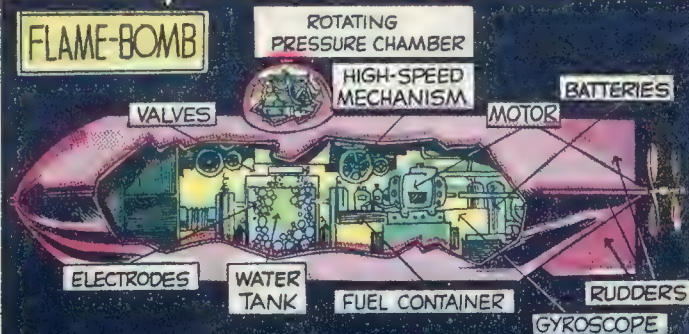
PERHAPS-- BUT I'M NOT DEAD YET, NICHİ!



THIS IS MY GREAT TRIUMPH!
MY IMPLEMENT OF DEATH! SO
SIMPLE! ELECTRIC CURRENT
SEPARATES WATER INTO HYDRO-
GEN AND OXYGEN! PROCESS IS
CALLED "ELECTROLYSIS OF
WATER!" THESE GASSES UNDER
GREAT PRESSURE REVOLVE
SWIFTLY, AND ARE IGNITED BY
ELECTRIC SPARK! THE FLAME
OF THIS MIXTURE IS HOTTEST
KNOWN TO SCIENCE, OH
MIGHTY SUB-MARINER!

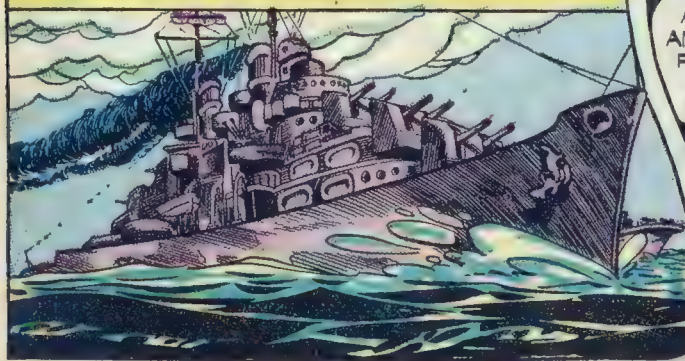


FLAME-BOMB



"--MY SPECIAL ELECTRONIC CURRENT CHARGES
THE WHIRLING FLAMES SO THAT FROM THE
OCEAN WATER THE SUPER-HOT FLAMES DRAW
MORE HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN! THEN THE
FLAMES GROW GIGANTIC!"

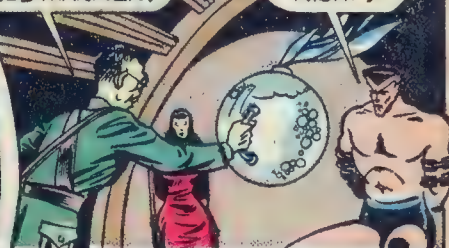
MEANWHILE, THE U.S. TASK FORCE, DOOMED BY
NICHİ'S WORDS, COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO
THE SOURCE OF DEVASTATION!----



BUT WHAT BLOOD-CURDLING NEW PLAN
IS THIS OF NICHİ'S?

AND NOW--TORTURE
AND DEATH BY FLAME
FOR YOU, SO
HONORABLE
SUB-MARINER!

A TYPICAL
JAP TRICK!
AND YOU'LL
REGRET IT,
NICHİ!



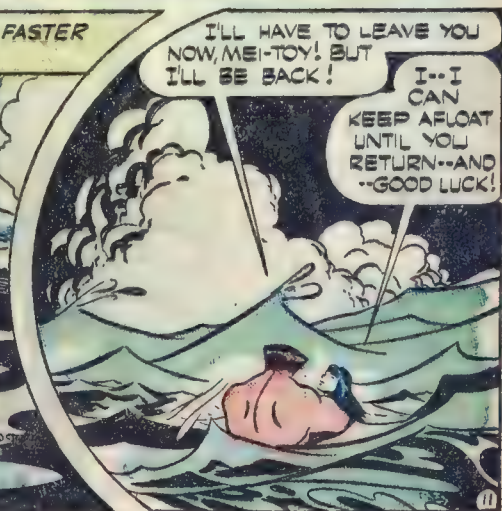
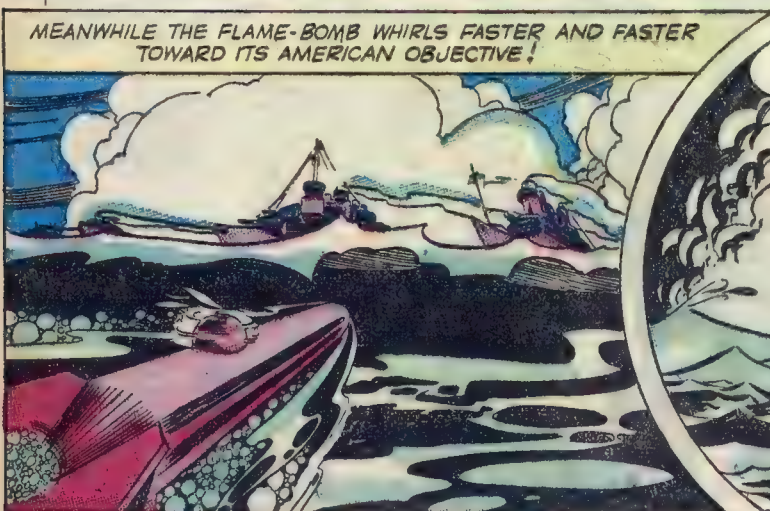
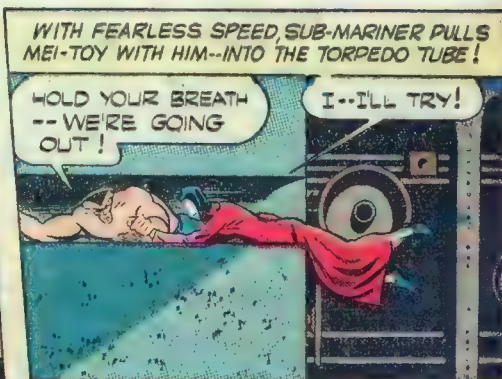
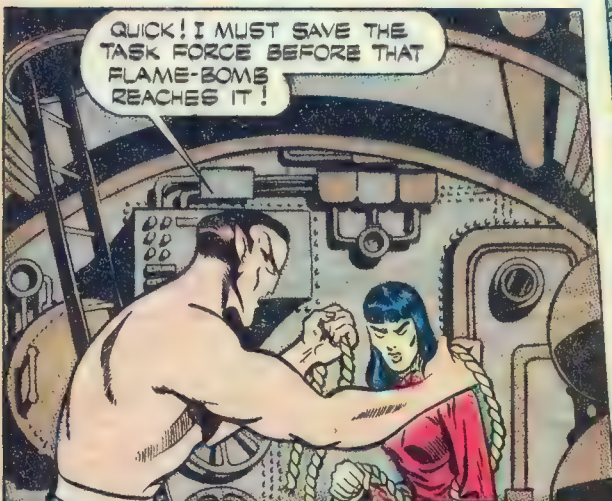
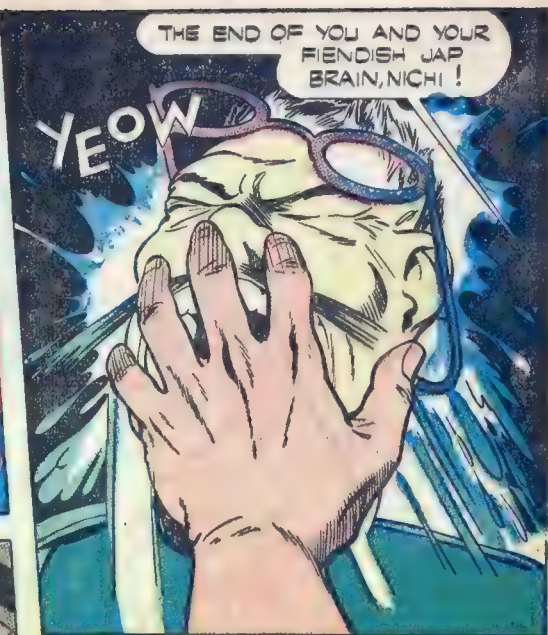
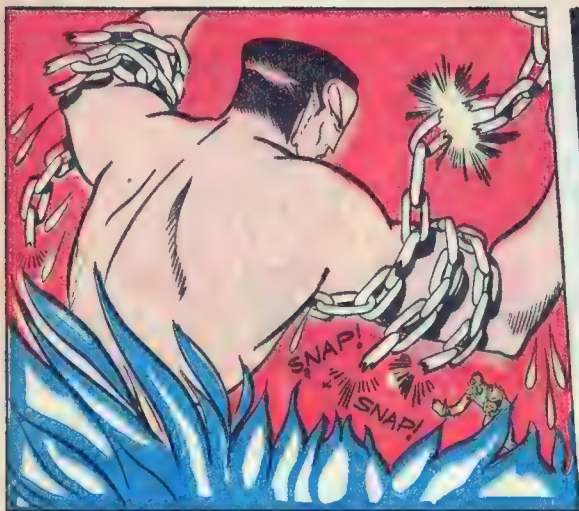
NOW FLAME-BOMB IS
LAUNCHED! U.S. TASK FORCE
WILL BE WRECKED--JUST
AS YOU WILL DIE!



BUT OUTWITTING THE SCHEMING JAP, SUB-MARINER
KNOCKS THE FLAME-GLOBE FROM HIS HANDS!



THE--FIRE--BURNS ME--
BUT THE WATER GIVES
ME NEW STRENGTH FOR
THE VITAL JOB AHEAD!



QUICK! I MUST SAVE THE
TASK FORCE BEFORE THAT
FLAME-BOMB
REACHES IT!

THE END OF YOU AND YOUR
FIENDISH JAP
BRAIN, NICH!

YEOW

WITH FEARLESS SPEED, SUB-MARINER PULLS
MEI-TOY WITH HIM--INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE!

HOLD YOUR BREATH
--WE'RE GOING
OUT!

I--I'LL TRY!

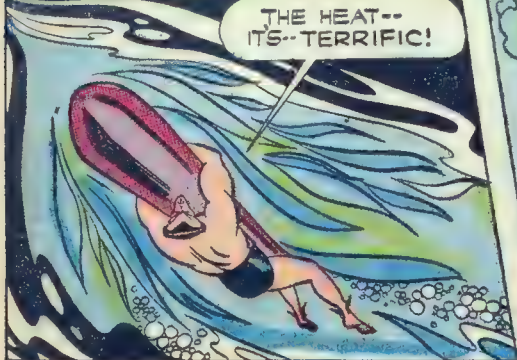
MEANWHILE THE FLAME-BOMB WHIRLS FASTER AND FASTER
TOWARD ITS AMERICAN OBJECTIVE!

I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU
NOW, MEI-TOY! BUT
I'LL BE BACK!

I--I
CAN
KEEP AFLOAT
UNTIL YOU
RETURN--AND
--GOOD LUCK!

AGONIZED BY THE SEARING HEAT, SUB-MARINER EXERTS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH TO TURN THE FLAME BOMB--TOWARD THE JAPANESE SUB!

THE HEAT--
IT'S--TERRIFIC!



THE JAP SUB IS DESTROYED BY ITS OWN FLAME-BOMB!

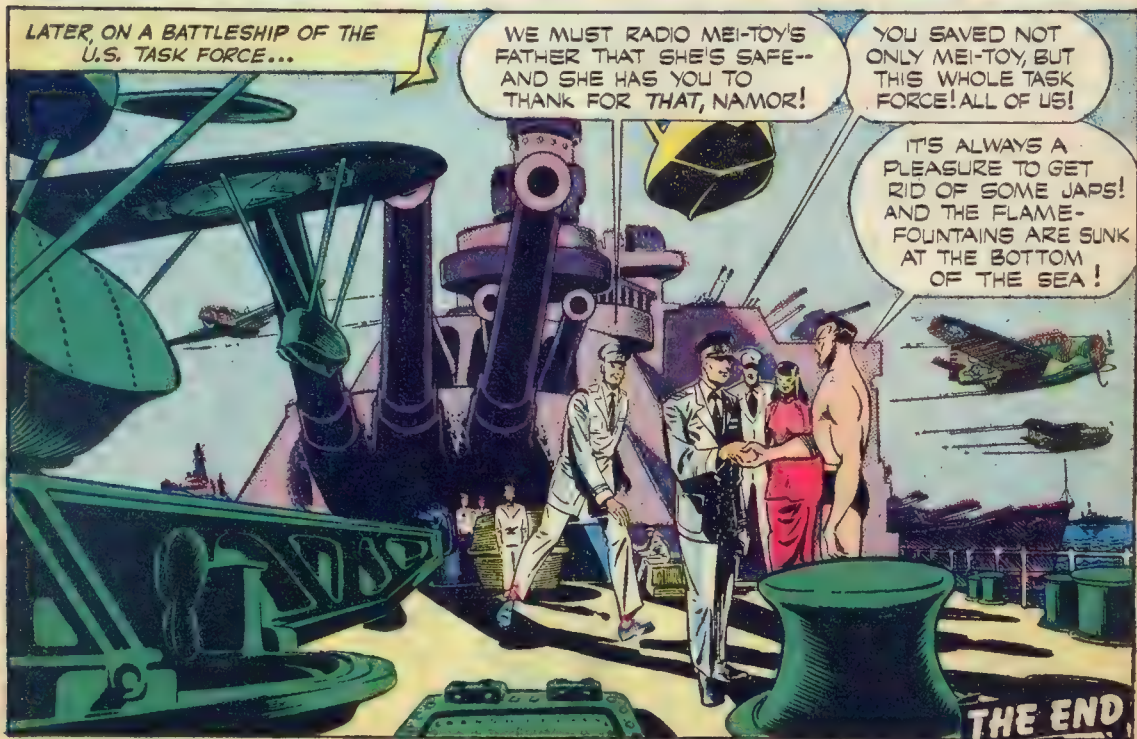


LATER, ON A BATTLESHIP OF THE
U.S. TASK FORCE...

WE MUST RADIO MEI-TOY'S
FATHER THAT SHE'S SAFE--
AND SHE HAS YOU TO
THANK FOR THAT, NAMOR!

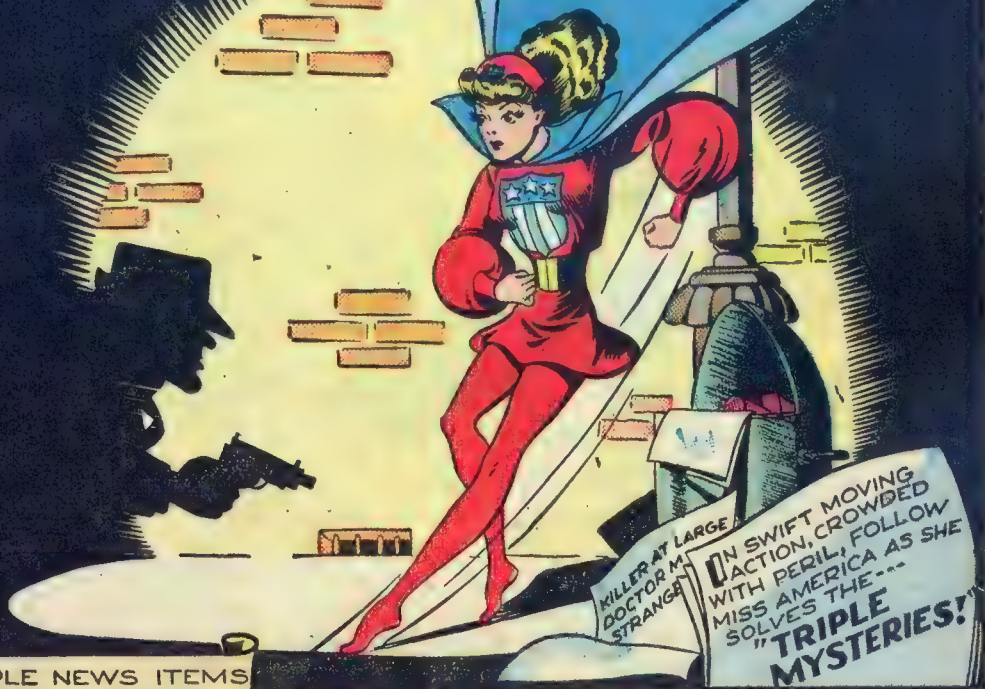
YOU SAVED NOT
ONLY MEI-TOY, BUT
THIS WHOLE TASK
FORCE! ALL OF US!

IT'S ALWAYS A
PLEASURE TO GET
RID OF SOME JAPS!
AND THE FLAME-
FOUNTAINS ARE SUNK
AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA!

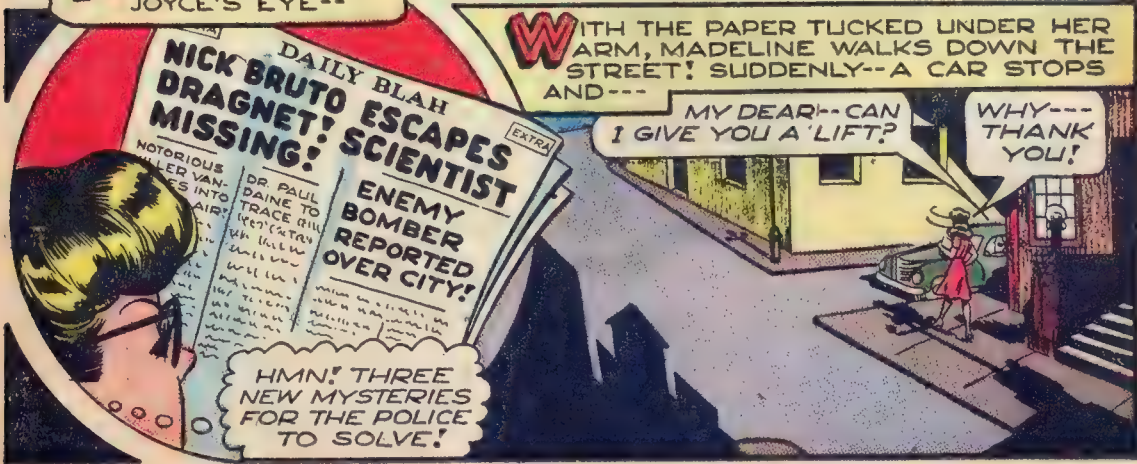


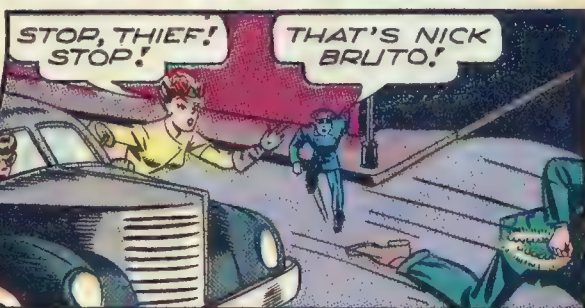
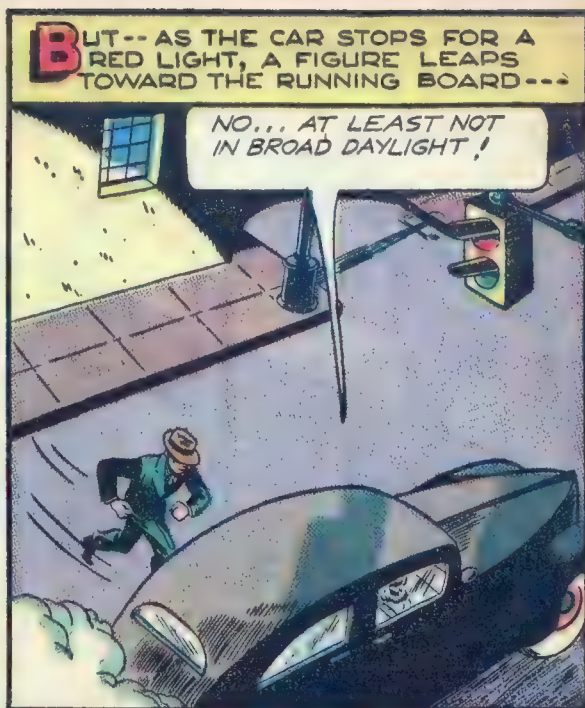
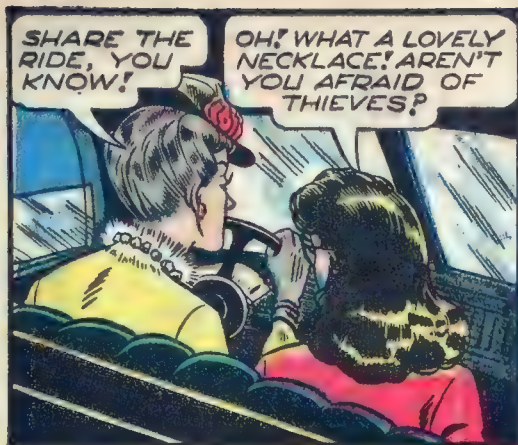
THE END

Miss AMERICA

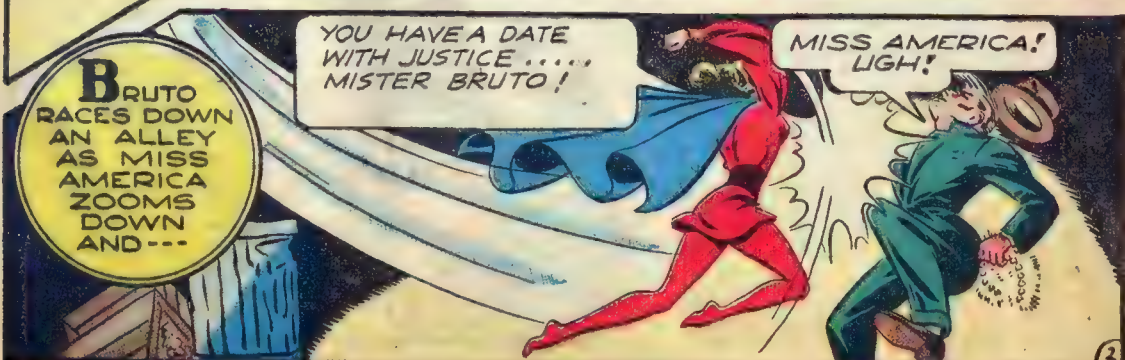
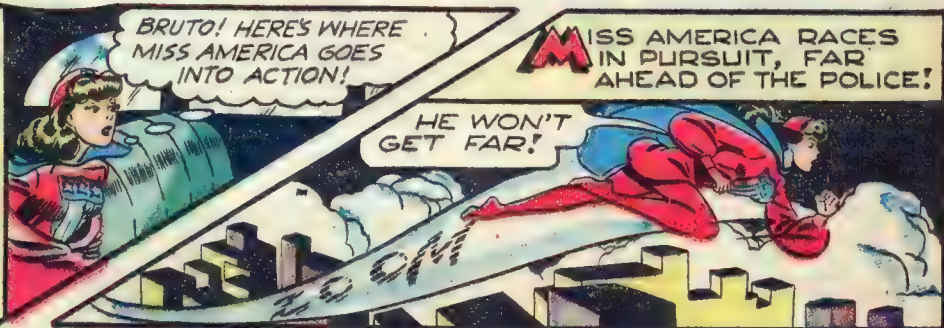


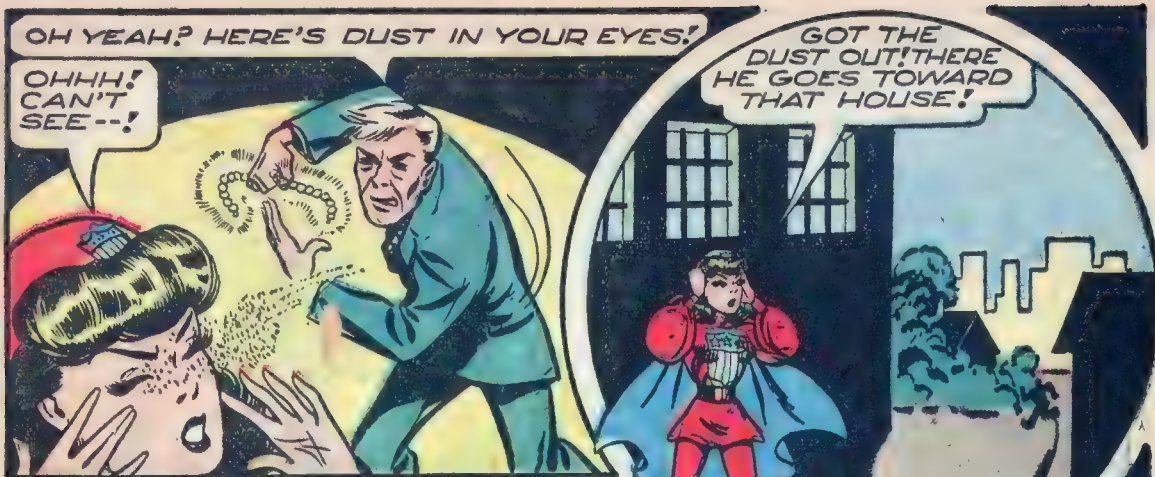
TRIPLE NEWS ITEMS
CATCH MADELINE
JOYCE'S EYE--





UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT, MADELINE MAKES A QUICK CHANGE TO MISS AMERICA!





OH YEAH? HERE'S DUST IN YOUR EYES!

OH! CAN'T SEE--!

GOT THE DUST OUT! THERE HE GOES TOWARD THAT HOUSE!



-- IF HE THINKS HE CAN HIDE IN THAT HOUSE--!

WHAT--? NO HOUSE? I COULD SWEAR I SAW ONE HERE--!



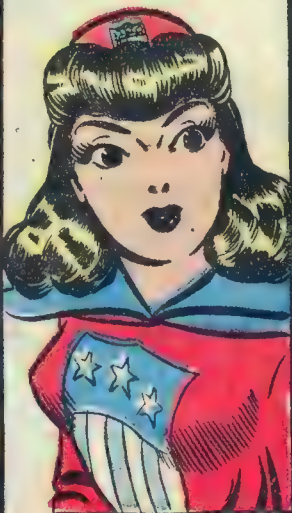
VANISHED... I FEEL LIKE AN AWFUL SAP....

HE GOT AWAY MISS AMERICA!

BLIT--- IT'S LIKE MAGIC! DOES THE EARTH SWALLOW HIM UP? OR WHAT?

LATER, MISS AMERICA, NOW AS MADELINE, READS THE EVENING NEWS IN HER ROOM...

A PLANE WITHOUT WINGS--THAT'S SILLY! SOMEBODY'S CRAZY! BUT THOSE OTHER TWO MYSTERIES ARE REAL! THE MISSING SCIENTIST AND BRUTO'S TRICKY ESCAPE! GUESS I'LL SLEEP ON IT!



NICK BRUTO ESCAPES MISS AMERICA! SCIENTIST MISSING 3.

THE NEXT NIGHT A FLASH RADIO REPORT ON NICK BRUTO, STARTS MADELINE ON A NEW CLUE!

FLASH! NICK BRUTO STRUCK AGAIN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT--- ROBBERING THE TIFFAN JEWEL STORE! POLICE HAVE THROWN A DRAGNET OVER THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY! THEY HOPE TO TRAP THE BANDIT THIS TIME!

ME TOO!

AND ONCE MORE MISS AMERICA HEADS FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH CRIME!

WELL, HERE'S THE NORTH SIDE! NICK BRUTO IS HIDING DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE!

MEANWHILE, AS THE POLICE DRAGNET CLOSES IN---

IT'S BRUTO! SHOOT!

AHHH! YOU-- WON'T GET AWAY, BRUTO--- POLICE DRAGNET--- CLOSING IN--- AHHH!

SO WHAT, YA DUMB FLATFOOT? THAT DOESN'T STOP ME!

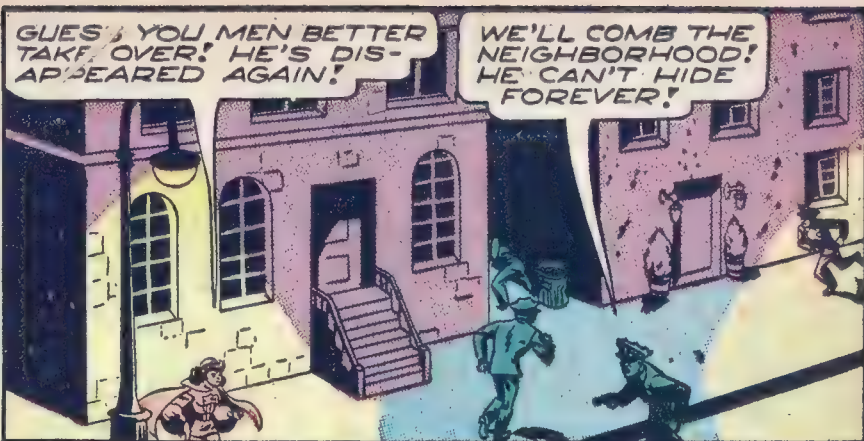
NOT FROM ME YOU WON'T, KILLER!

I'LL MAKE A MONKEY OUTA YOU AGAIN, MISS SMARTY!

FLINGING OFF THE BAG, MISS AMERICA GIVES CHASE! BUT-- NICK BRUTO HAS VANISHED AGAIN!

GUES YOU MEN BETTER TAKE OVER! HE'S DIS-APPEARED AGAIN!

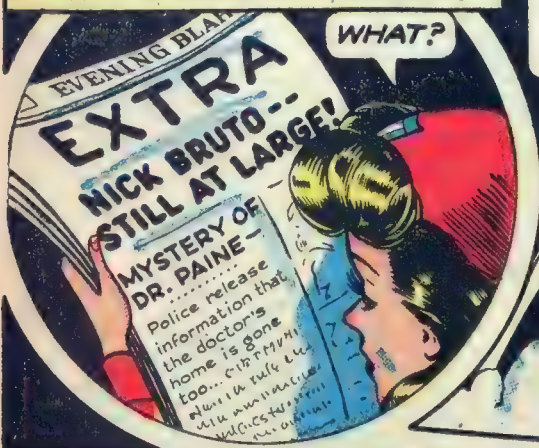
WE'LL COMB THE NEIGHBORHOOD! HE CAN'T HIDE FOREVER!



LATER--THE EXTRA THAT COMES OUT, HOLDS ANOTHER CLUE FOR MISS AMERICA!

"DR. PAINE'S HOUSE IS GONE TOO!" WHAT DO THEY MEAN--- DID IT BURN DOWN? I WONDER IF THIS CONNECTS UP WITH BRUTO---

WHAT?



OFFICER! DID DR. PAINE'S HOUSE BURN DOWN?

NO M'A'M! IT JUST-UH-- WAS GONE OVER-NIGHT! SOUNDS CRAZY, DOESN'T IT?

THEN--THE CLUES BEGIN TO CLICK INTO PLACE FOR MISS AMERICA!

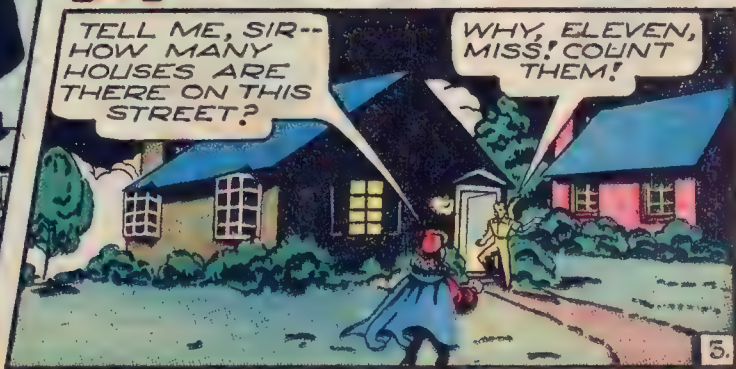
IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS RIGHT-- I'LL GO BACK TO WHERE BRUTO WAS LAST SEEN!

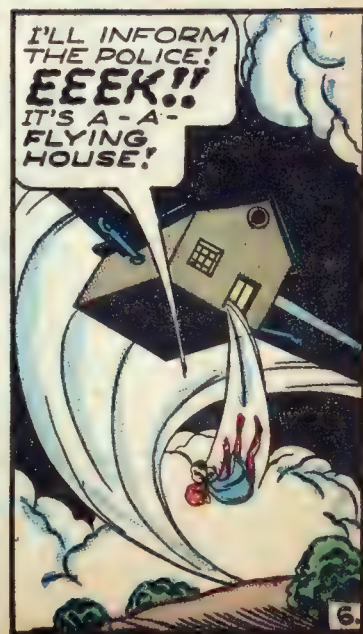
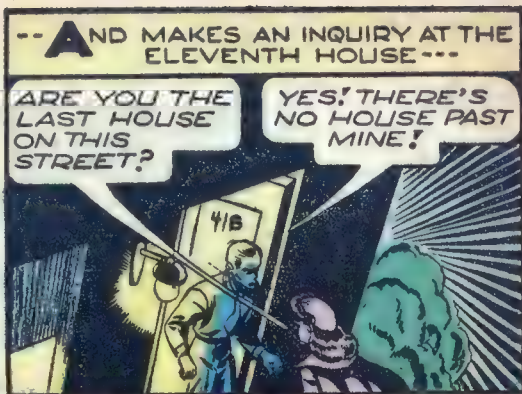


MISS AMERICA RINGS A DOORBELL--

TELL ME, SIR-- HOW MANY HOUSES ARE THERE ON THIS STREET?

WHY, ELEVEN, MISS! COUNT THEM!





AT THAT MOMENT-- IN ANOTHER ROOM---

I KNEW THAT DUMB DAME WOULD STEP OUT AN' BREAK HER NECK! AND-- I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE, DR. PAINE!



BUT MISS AMERICA RECOVERS BEFORE MUCH OF A DROP, AND USES HER FLYING POWERS TO CATCH THE FALLING SCIENTIST!

MISS AMERICA!

AND YOU'RE DR. PAINE, THE MISSING SCIENTIST!

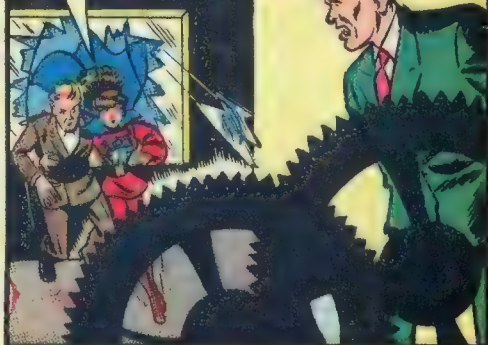


HAH! WITH THIS FLYING HOUSE, I CAN LAND ANYWHERE-- PULL ANY JOB-- AND SLIP OUT OF ANY COP DRAGNET!



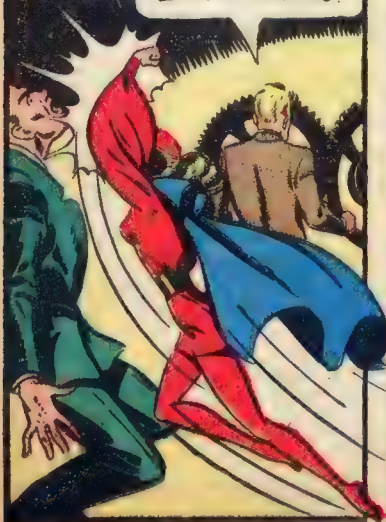
MISS AMERICA! HOW--?

I CAN FLY TOO!



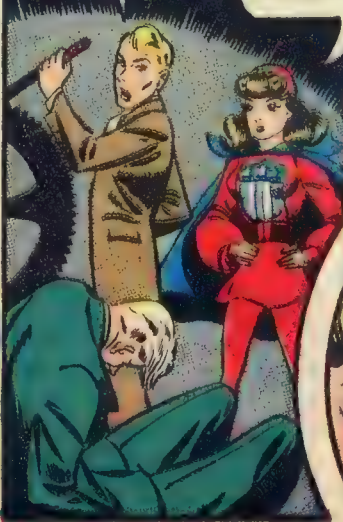
HOW DID IT ALL HAPPEN, DR. PAINE?

I HAD JUST FINISHED PERFECTING THIS FLYING HOUSE THREE DAYS AGO!



IT'S ABILITY TO FLY IS BASED ON MY NEW ANTI-GRAVITY PRINCIPLE! THEN NICK BRUTO DASHED IN AND FORCED ME AT GUN POINT TO FLY HIM AWAY! HE KEPT ME PRISONER AND LEARNED TO FLY THE HOUSE HIMSELF!

THAT'S HOW HE GOT AWAY EACH TIME!



AND SO, THREE BAF-FLING MYSTERIES ARE SOLVED AT ONE MASTER STROKE!

DAILY BLAH
MISS AMERICA NABS NICK BRUTO! DR. PAINE SAFE! MYSTER SHIP REVEALED AS FLYING HOUSE!

THE END

COWBOY

YOU WANT me to tell you what you are?" Major Donovan leaned across his desk toward Charlie. "I'll tell you. You're—"

"I know, I know," Charlie interrupted with a wave of his hand. He chuckled openly. "I'm reckless. I'm—"

"You're a cowboy! And don't interrupt me when I'm speaking. I—"

"Wait a minute," Charlie butted in calmly. "You don't have to tell me what I am. You've told me often enough in the past. You cuss around and when it's all over... what happens? Nothing. You just get yourself into a lather and then forget all about it. Why? Because you know good and well I can handle that convoy. Did I ever have an accident?"

"You—why, just last week—"

"Did I ever have an accident?"

Major Donovan leaned back, puffing out his cheeks. "I give up," he muttered, mopping a moist brow. "I'm outclassed. I know it. I give up. BUT—" He leaned forward slowly, fixing Charlie with wrathful blue eyes. "You," he said slowly, "are through. Grounded! Do you understand?"

For a moment there was silence in the sunny office overlooking the big storage field. Charlie uncoiled his short legs, got up with a grin. "Okay. I'm grounded. I'm not to go near the trucks ever again, or you'll blow your top again. And there isn't anything left for me to do. Why not give me my walking papers and be done with it?"

"You're going to stay right here," the Major growled. "Now get out. Get out of my sight—No; wait a minute. You can do the dispatching. Now get out and... don't come back!"

* * * *

CHARLIE sauntered through the field. The sound of motors came to him on the cool wind. Bill Whitely stepped from behind a prime mover, his freckled face serious, worried. "Hi, Charlie," Bill greeted. "What'd the boss have to say this time?"

"Plenty. I'm grounded. You guys will have Rollo as your leader. He's the Major's pet—"

Rollo came from behind a nearby cargo. His round, pleasantly ruddy face wore an expression of displeasure.

"What're you standing there for?" Charlie demanded. "Don't you know what to do by this time? And if you feel like spilling your guts to your guardian angel, go ahead." Charlie laughed. "Why, you jerk! If he puts you in charge of the convoy, nothing'll get through on time."

Rollo lifted an indignant gaze. "It's all your fault. I told you to go slower. You wouldn't listen. Why, it's a wonder you haven't killed everyone on the detail long ago! If the Major puts me in

charge of the convoy, these jug-heads will have to drive more sanely than they have in the past... or they'll be grounded, too!"

* * * *

WRITING out trip tickets and dispatches was a whole lot different than driving a truck in a convoy headed for an embarkation port. It was an easy job—too easy, Charlie realized, pushing the dispatch pad and pen aside. His eyes strayed out the window as the convoy rolled past, up the grade.

The drivers were raising the roof. And Charlie knew there would be some fun on the detail from now on. He and the crowd had taken the stuff through in jig-time. In fact they had squeezed an extra convoy in—sometimes two.

Now there would be trouble. The fellows would roll the stuff alright, but they wouldn't break any records doing it, and perhaps there'd be more than one "accident" on the road...

Unwillingly Charlie shook his head. He knew the men he'd had working for him, a pretty swell bunch of guys, and it was good to know they were back of him. But he didn't want them holding up the works. The stuff had to go through.

It didn't go through on time any more. "He's afraid to drive," Bill Whitely confided three days later. "Scared to use the over-drive."

Charlie had to chuckle. "He'll get away with it, though."

Bill nodded. "The Major checked on us a couple of times. But somehow... he didn't look too pleased." Bill hesitated, said softly, "And if something should happen... accidentally..."

"Hey! Nix on that stuff. Those trucks are needed overseas. You guys don't pull any funny stuff!"

"We got stopped the other day," Bill admitted. "By the M. P.'s. And after we got started again... fifteen miles an hour all the way in. We were two hours late getting back that night. And tomorrow..." Bill hesitated. "We've got to roll a hundred and sixty, ton-and-a-half cargoes to Port Christian—"

"I know all about it," Charlie grinned. "You won't get half of them there. And the Major will really blow his top!"

* * * *

NEXT morning Charlie watched the slow processional up the grade. Rollo had been given additional drivers. He had forty in all, just twice as many as he'd handled normally.

By five that evening they'd made two trips, conveying eighty trucks. At that rate, Charlie knew, it would take them all night and part of the next day to deliver the stuff.

Charlie came back from supper to find the Major sitting on the edge of a chair, his face a little grim and plenty worried.

"Convoy hasn't pulled into Christian yet," he admitted without preliminaries. "Think they're stuck along the road?"

"They've been stuck ever since Rollo took over," Charlie answered. "You wanted that jerk to run the convoys. That stuff's supposed to be ready for loading in the morning!"

"Get a trip ticket on my car," the Major ordered. "We'll check!"

"Who's driving?"

Major Donovan's face flushed. "You are," he growled.

The convoy wasn't stuck but it was barely moving. It was ten miles from the port when Charlie and Major Donovan overtook it. Signaling them over to the side of the road, the Major walked back to the lead truck.

"Something break down?" he asked Rollo, who had come down out of the cab uneasily. "If not—"

"There aren't any break-downs with me in charge," Rollo said bravely. "Look, sir—"

"Look, sir, nothing," the Major snapped. "You've got a hundred and fifty of these jobs to move. How fast have you been traveling?"

"Ah... about twenty-five, sir."

"Well," the Major said succinctly. "Charlie—"

Charlie waved down the line, swung into the cab of the lead-off truck with a grin. "You take Rollo back to the depot with you," Charlie called down, "so I don't have to worry about scaring anyone—"

"Rollo goes back alone," the Major snapped. "I'm riding with you Indians!"

* * * * *

IT WAS late and getting dark. Charlie got the lead-off rolling slowly, swung out to the running-board to look back. The blare of horns assured him, and with a chuckle he swung back again, slammed the door, shoved the cargo into second. They rolled over the brow of a hill, started down the incline beyond.

"Don't look at the speedometer," Charlie yelled. "Just forget about that... if you want this stuff through on time!"

By the bottom of grade the line was rolling... fast. The road leveled off, circled gently. The Major leaned out.

"Plenty of dust," he yelled. "Those boys—"

"Can take it!" Charlie laughed.

The road crossed a wooden bridge, thundering with the weight of the cargoes. Again up hill and Charlie shifted, looked back once more. Dust was swirling up in a yellow cloud, but the line was unbroken. Down hill again, and before them was the highway. Three miles further they came to the port.

With the trucks checked in, Charlie took the wheel of the shuttle. It was tough going and his body was tired after his lay-off.

The third convoy rolled at ten o'clock, and by eleven-thirty they had checked in and were on the way back. "Ought to stop for coffee," the

Major protested once. "Did they have supper?"

"They will after the last trip!"

* * * * *

IT WAS the last trip then. It was also midnight and the going was made more intense by the ache running through Charlie's body. He had to admit the Major could take it, although his face was lined and beaded with sweat, covered with dust. By one a.m. they'd rolled the last convoy into the port, were headed back to the depot.

"Thank God!" the Major muttered hoarsely. "You've got to be crazy to ride like that... and get away with it!"

Charlie chuckled. "Thanks for the compliment, boss. But you asked for it." He hesitated, then asked, "You still didn't tell me when I ever had an accident?"

"I'm not going to," the Major answered. "But if you ever do... I'll have you strung up by the ears. I hope!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Marvel Mystery Comics published monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

I, before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Marvel Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1944.

(SEAL)

SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 28, 1945.)



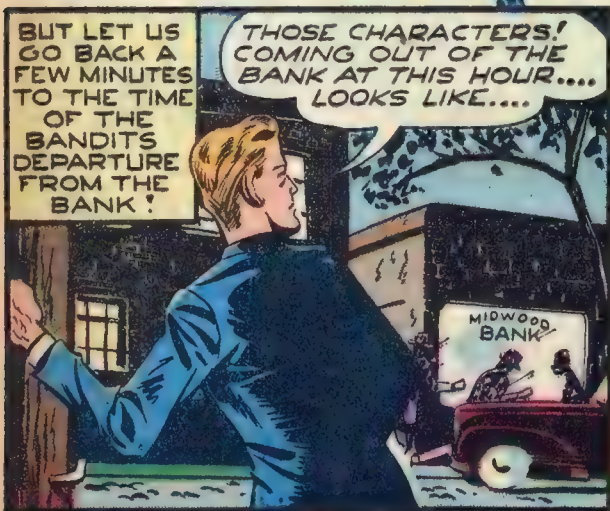
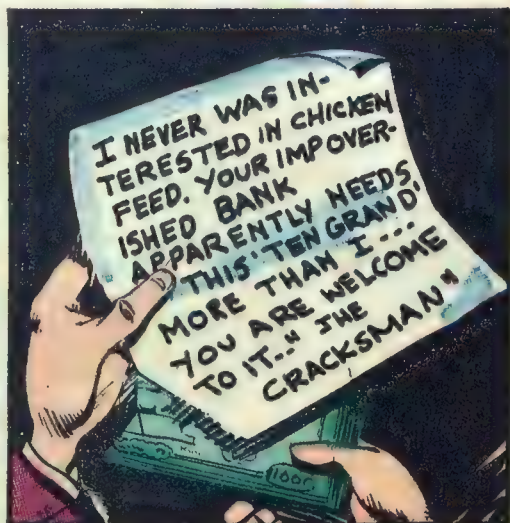
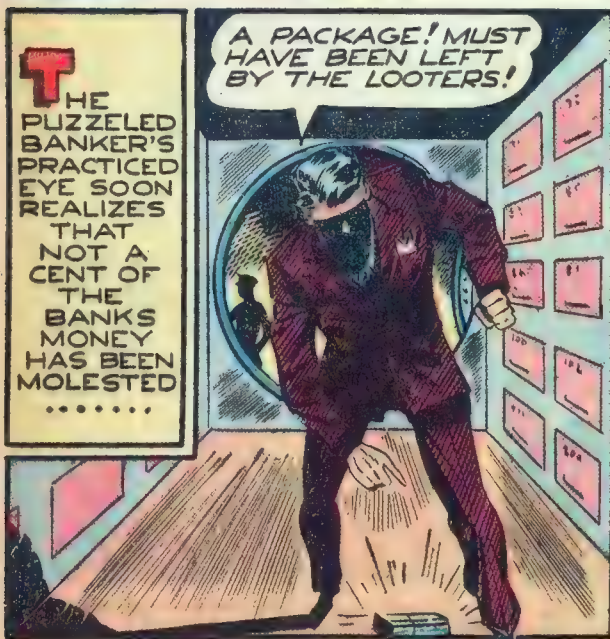
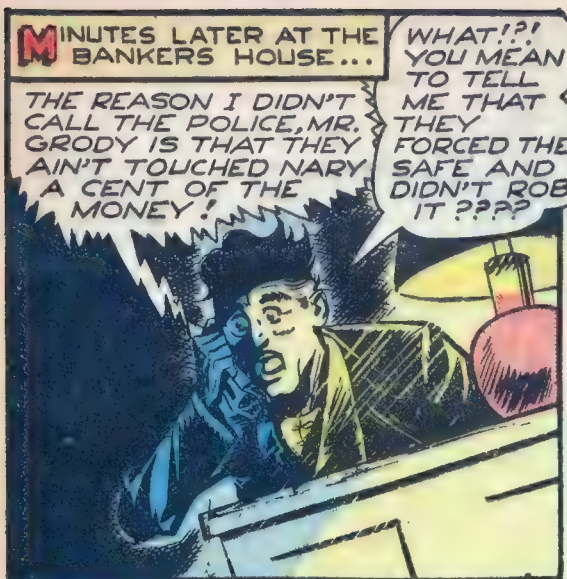
DEAR READER: WHAT
WOULD YOU DO, IF YOU
WERE JEFF MACE, THE
REPORTER, AND WHILE
ON A ROUTINE STORY,
LEARNED THAT A BAND
OF SAFE CRACKERS A
HAD OVER POWERED A
BANK WATCHMAN,
FORCED THE VAULT---
AND INSTEAD OF
ROBBING THE SUM
HAD LEFT THE SUM
OF TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS OF THEIR
OWN MONEY BEHIND.
THIS STARTLING
DILEMMA ACTUALLY
CONFRONTS OUR
HERO- READER-
DEAR READER-
OF THIS
STRANGE ADVEN-
TURE ...

MIDNIGHT-- IN THE DARKENED INTERIOR
OF A SMALL TOWN BANK---

ALL SET CHIEF! THE PACKAGE AND NOTE IS WHERE HE'LL BE SURE TO SPOT IT!

GOOD! GET THE WATCH-
MAN UNTIED AND
LET'S GO!





GET HIM BEFORE HE ATTRACTS THE POLICE, I'LL GET THE CAR STARTED---



A WILD SWING GRAZES THE BATTLING JEFF---

GOOD WORK---
DUMP HIM IN THE ALLEY
AND LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE!



LATER... AS JEFF RECOVERS AND ENTERS THE BANK---

MAYBE WE'D BETTER TELL THE POLICE!

NO NEED TO BOTHER AS LONG AS NOTHING WAS TOUCHED! WE'LL KEEP IT BETWEEN OURSELVES EH? HA! HA! AND THERE'LL BE A NICE RAISE FOR YOU--- WHO'S THAT?



I'M JEFF MACE, FROM THE DAILY STAR-- HOW MUCH DID THE BANDITS GET AWAY WITH?

BANDITS? HA! HA! WHAT EVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA? I HAD TO STAY LATE TO LOOK OVER SOME ACCOUNTS!



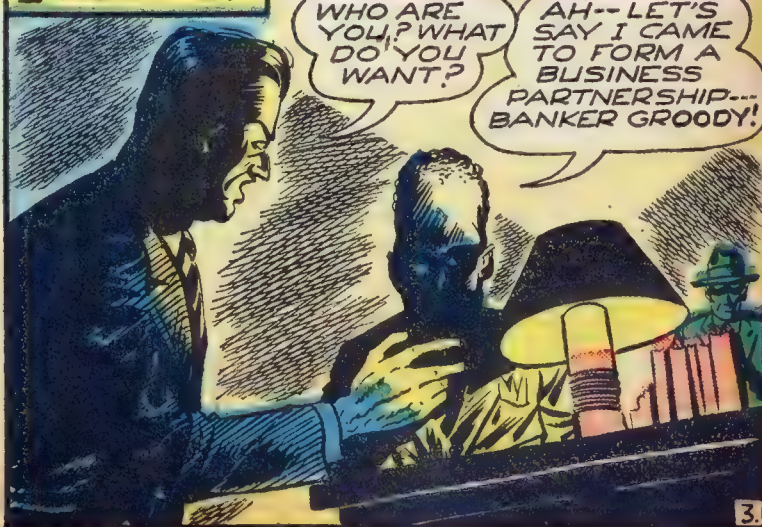
HMM! NO BANDITS EH? WONDER WHO HE'S TRYING TO COVER UP?

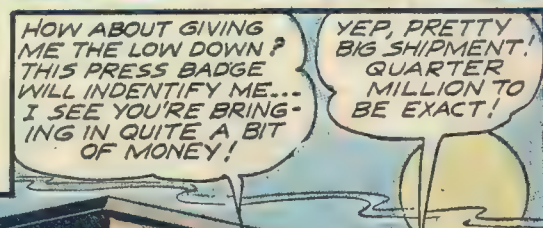
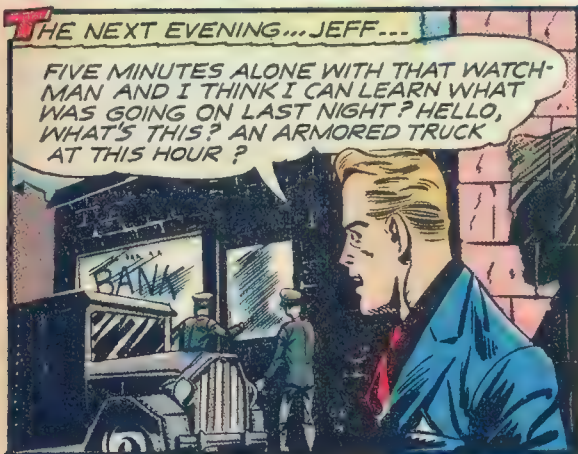


LATER THAT EVENING - THE BANKER ENTERS HIS HOME!

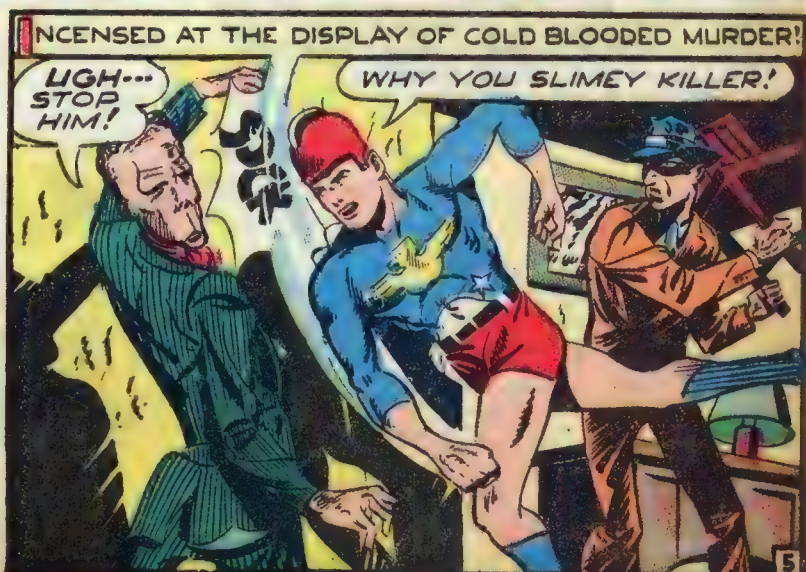
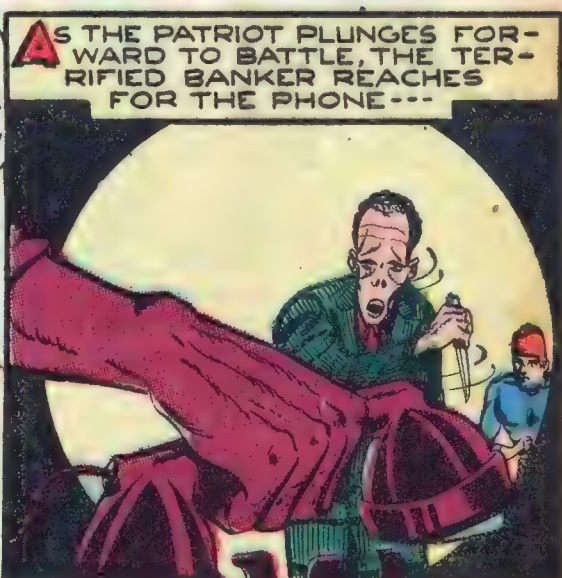
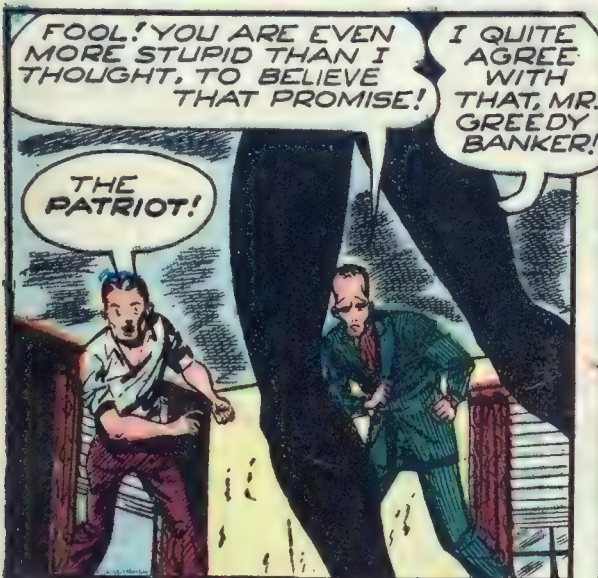
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

AH-- LET'S SAY I CAME TO FORM A BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP... BANKER GROODY!





LATER AT BANKER GROODY'S HOME!



THE PATRIOT GOES DOWN UNDER THE VICIOUS SPLINTERING IMPACT OF A HEAVY CHAIR....

OOWWW!



SOME MINUTES LATER...

OHHH!
MY HEAD!

AH, I SEE THAT YOU ARE WITH US ONCE AGAIN, PATRIOT! BUT NOT FOR LONG... HERE WE ARE, BOYS! TAKE HIM INTO THE BANK!



A GAIN THE BANDITS PAY THE MIDWOOD BANK A VISIT... BUT THIS TIME THEY LOOT THE BANK'S VAULT...

YOU COULDN'T PUT IT ANY PLAINER!

AS SOON AS MY BOYS ARE FINISHED, IN YOU GO! HA! HA! I THINK YOU CAN GUESS THE REST!



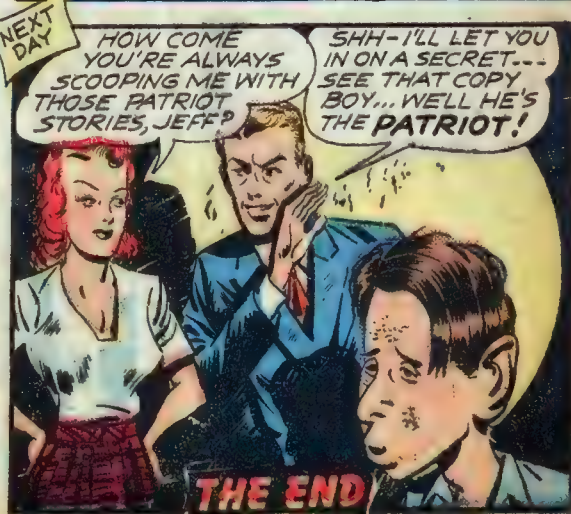
I'VE GOT TO WATCH FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A BREAK... OR I MAY WIND UP PLAYING A HARP!



IN A FEW MINUTES YOU WILL BE PUT IN THAT VAULT, AND LONG BEFORE MORNING YOU WILL HAVE SUFFOCATED IN THERE!

THANKS FOR THE PLEASANT PROSPECT!





THE ANGEL

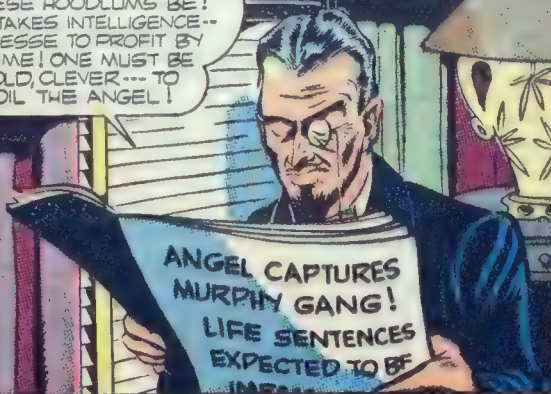
BEWARE OF THE ANGEL!
THE FIRST LESSON IN THE
UNDERWORLD'S BOOK OF CRIME!
BUT THE LESSON HOLDS NO
TERROR FOR THE **EPICURE**,
BOLD, DASHING, CLEVER MAS-
TER CRIMINAL! ON THE
CONTRARY, HE INVITES THE
ANGEL TO WITNESS HIS CRIMES,
THEN UNFOLDS A DAZZLING
BAG OF TRICKS, WHICH PUTS
THE ANGEL ON HIS METTLE AND
FORCES HIM TO PUT FORTH
HIS MIGHTIEST EFFORT, TO
DEFEAT ---

"The **EPICURE**
OF CRIME"



IN NEW YORK'S EXCLUSIVE BEEKMAN HILL SECTION, THE EPICURE, MASTER CRIMINAL, PAUSES AS HIS EYES CATCH A FAMILIAR HEADLINE---

ZOUNDS! WHAT FOOLS THESE HOODLUMS BE! IT TAKES INTELLIGENCE--FINESSE TO PROFIT BY CRIME! ONE MUST BE BOLD, CLEVER--- TO FOIL THE ANGEL!

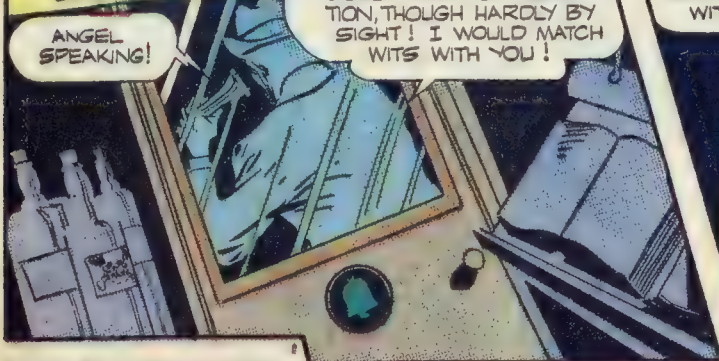


AND FOIL HIM THE EPICURE SHALL! AYE, AND MAKE HIM RUE THE DAY HE HEARD MY NAME! MY TRIUMPH WILL BE THE ANGEL'S SHAME!



And so, several days later---

ANGEL SPEAKING!



INDEED? THIS IS THE EPICURE, WHOM YOU NO DOUBT KNOW BY REPUTATION, THOUGH HARDLY BY SIGHT! I WOULD MATCH WITS WITH YOU!

THE PHANTOM, EH? I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO PLAY WITH YOU!

EXCELLENT! BE AT THE VAN PLY'S MANSION TODAY AT NOON! I'M INDULGING IN A LITTLE HOUSE-CLEANING,--AND I DON'T MEAN WITH A BROOM! AU REVOIR!



CLICK!

SAY---! HUNG UP ON ME! THE VAN PLY'S... THEY'RE AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END! TRUST THE EPICURE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT!



THE ANGEL RETRIEVES THE THROWN GAUNTLET, ACCEPTS THE INSOLENT CHALLENGE!

SO, THAT'S THE EPICURE, EH? HE CONDUCTS HIS ROBBERIES IN A MOST CASUAL MANNER! BUT THAT'S CONSISTENT WITH HIS REPUTATION!



A LIGHT-HEARTED ROGUE HE IS! BUT THE EPICURE IS STILL NOBODY'S FOOL!

While THE ANGEL--!

IF HE **MUST** ROB THAT HOUSE, WHY ADVERTISE IT? IT MUST BE HIS EGO, AND IN THAT CASE, THE ANGEL WILL DEFLATE IT!

HA! MY GREAT OPPONENT HAS ARRIVED! THE INVINCIBLE ANGEL! PANTING TO CROSS SWORDS WITH THE EPICURE! VERILY, HE WILL COME OUT SECOND BEST, AND FIND HIMSELF NO LONGER AN ANGEL--- BUT A JACKASS!

THE NEXT INSTANT, A WINDOW IS SOFTLY RAISED, A SHARPLY-ETCHED SHADOW IS THROWN ON THE WALL! THE SHADOW OF THE--- ANGEL!

BUT AS THE ANGEL ACTS, THE EPICURE TILTS HIS MIRRORRED CANE TO REFLECT A BLINDING RAY OF SUNLIGHT INTO HIS OPPONENT'S EYES!

WELCOME, ANGEL! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF, THE PHANTOM! BETTER KNOWN AS THE EPICURE! AH, BY THE WAY, DO YOU ALWAYS SIT IN TREES?

OH, YES! THE VIEW IS SO MUCH BETTER! AND NOW, MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND, IF YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, WE'LL END THIS REPARTEE WITH SOMETHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL!

IT DESOLATES ME TO DISAPPOINT YOU! BUT JAIL HOLDS NO PLEASURE FOR MY TASTES!

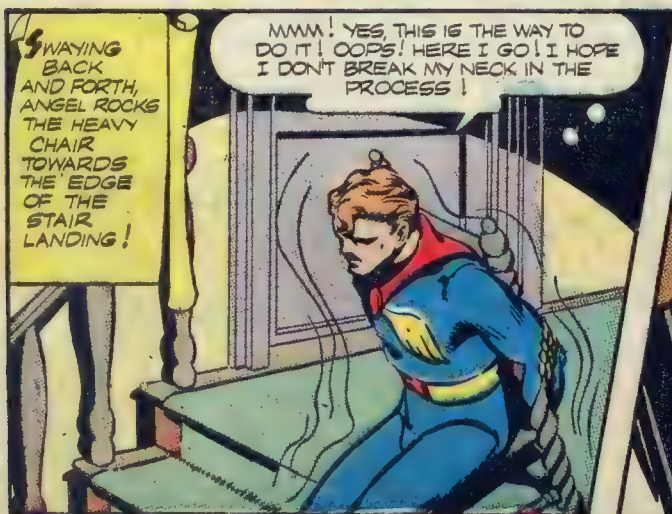
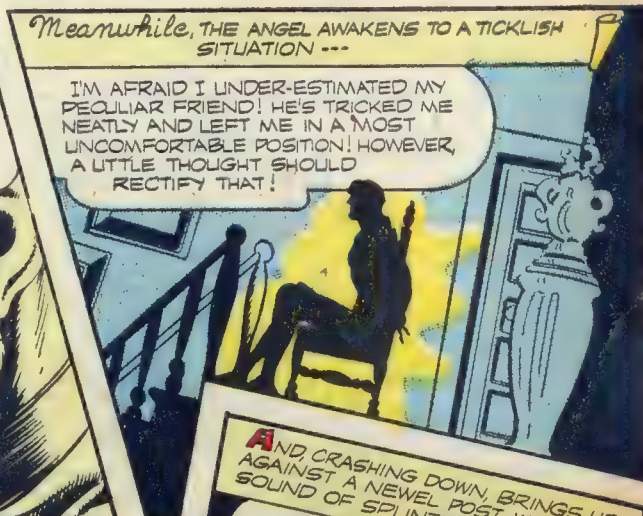
CLEVER AND FULL OF TRICKS AREN'T YOU? BUT EVEN THE EPICURE CAN DRY OF THEM!

NOT WHEN ONE PLANS AS CAREFULLY AS I!--- EXCELLENT TIMING, HUBERT!

OOPH!

A MOST PROFITABLE DAY, AS WHAT DAY IS NOT, WHEN ONE CAN MAKE A BUFFOON OF AN ANGEL? TIE HIM SECURELY, HUBERT! I DO NOT WISH HIM TO BOTHER ME!

SURE, BOSS!



THE EGOMANIAC! HE LEFT A NOTE FOR ME! BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN? I'LL LEAVE IT FOR LATER! ONE CAN'T EXPECT TO SOLVE PUZZLES WITH A SORE HEAD!

*To
From China
it comes, with
rainbow-hued
feathers. From its
place in the sun,
the Epicure
sees it.*

AN HOUR LATER, ANGEL RELATES HIS AFTER-NOON'S EXPERIENCE TO THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE!

WELL! YOU HAD QUITE AN AFTERNOON!

YES! AND I'M AFRAID THAT THE EPICURE TOOK ALL THE HONORS! JUST HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?

ABOUT AS MUCH AS YOU! AND THAT'S VERY LITTLE! HE'S BEEN A THORN IN OUR SIDES FOR YEARS! SLIPPING PHANTOM-LIKE IN AND OUT OF OUR WEALTHIEST HOMES, SELECTING THE BEST, LEAVING THE REST!

IT SEEMS TO ME HE'S OUT FOR THE THRILL, THE EXCITEMENT OF MATCHING WITS, RATHER THAN THE LOOT!

THAT'S TRUE! I WISH I KNEW WHERE HE'D STRIKE NEXT! NOTHING IS SACRED WITH HIM AROUND! I EVEN BELIEVE HE'D BE NERVOUS ENOUGH TO ROB THE ART MUSEUM!

ART MUSEUM?--- THAT'S IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! THE NOTE HE LEFT ME! WHAT A FOOL! SO LONG, COMMISSIONER!

WORDS--TRUE WORDS... SHREWD WORDS! FOR AT THIS MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM OF ART---

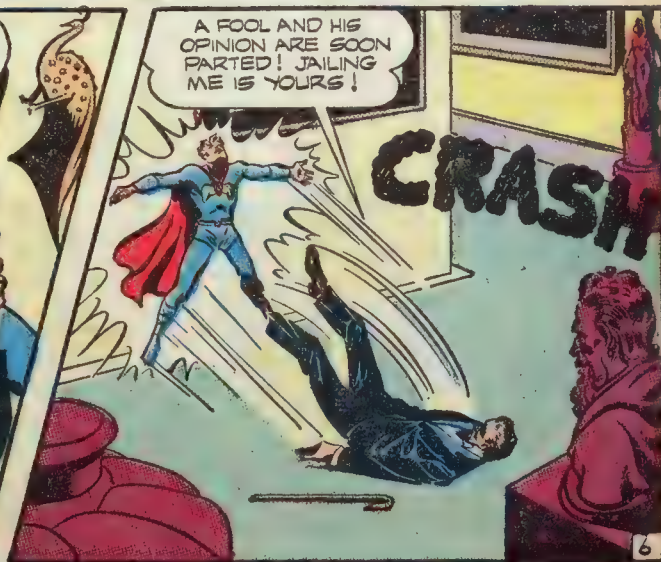
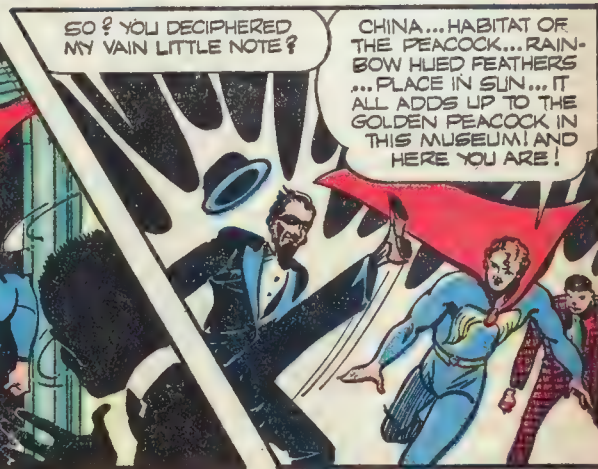
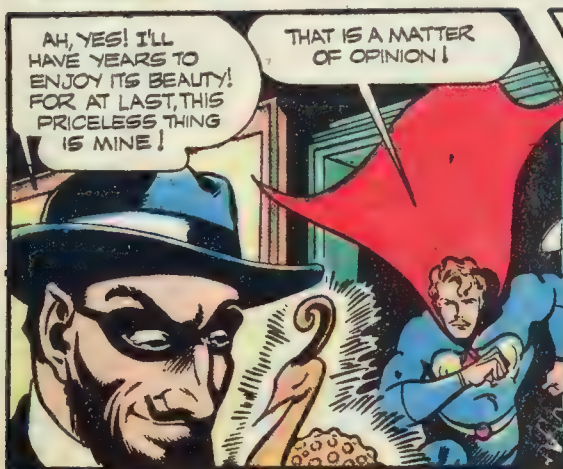
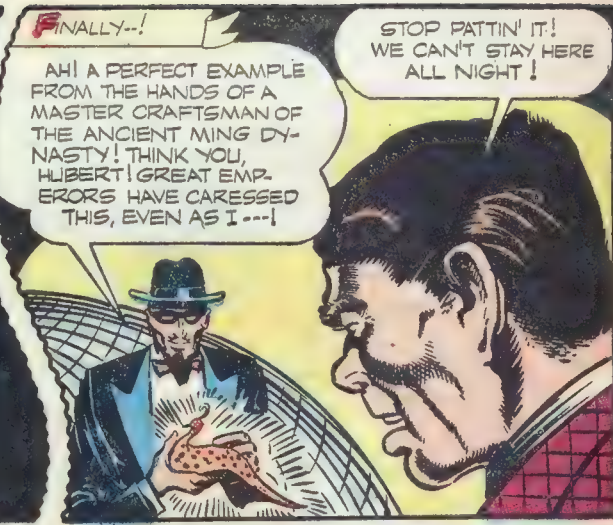
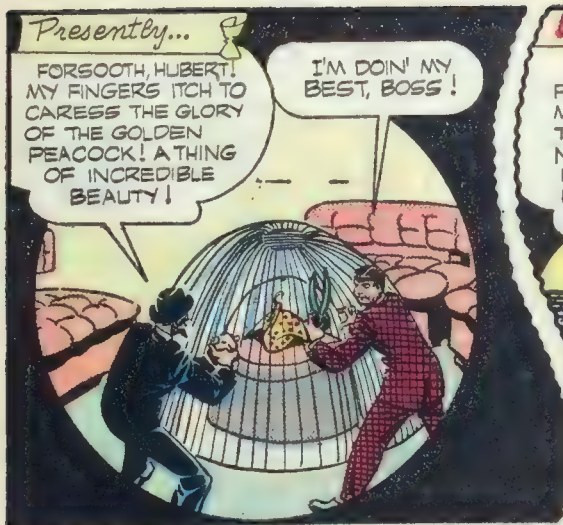
SHADES OF ZEUS! MY MOUTH WATERS AT THE THOUGHT OF THE TREASURE THAT AWAITS ME! IF ANGEL SEEMS TO FOIL ME, I WILL CLIP HIS WINGS!

LET'S HOPE THAT ANGEL'S SEAT IS STILL PLASTERED TO THE SEAT OF THAT CHAIR!

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN SPIES THE EPICURE---

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? -- UGH!

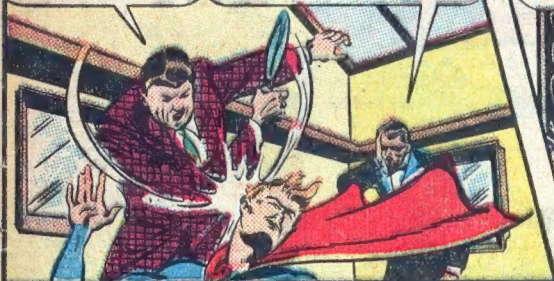
SPEAK SOFTLY IN MY PRESENCE! YOUR HARSH WORDS GRATE ON TENDER EARS! I SEEK A KING'S RANSOM, FIT EVEN FOR THE EPICURE! AND THIS LEADEN BALL WILL MAKE YOU SLUMBER WHILE I DO SO!



HUBERT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ANGEL'S MOMENTARY DIZZINESS--!

HERE'S MY CONTRIBUTION!

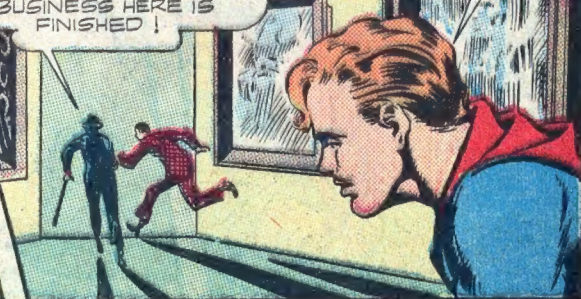
BRAVO, HUBERT! I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU!



BUT ANGEL REGAINS HIS FEET---

AU REVOIR, ANGEL! MY BUSINESS HERE IS FINISHED!

YOU'RE HIGHLY MIS-TAKEN, MY FRIEND! IT'S JUST STARTING!



GONE! AND PROBABLY RIGHT OUT THAT WINDOW!



THERE'S HIS CANE! HE MUST HAVE JUMPED! OR DOES HE WANT ME TO THINK THAT? WHEN EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE EPICURE POINTS ONE WAY, IT'S WISE TO GO THE OTHER!



BUT ANGEL HAS OTHER IDEAS!

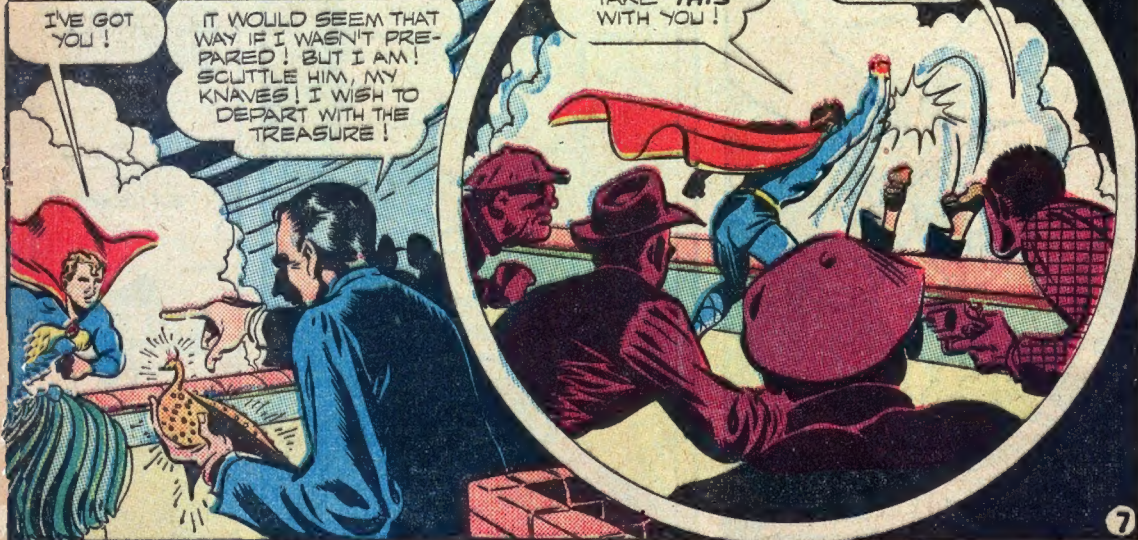
FOLLOWING HIS HUNCH, ANGEL CLIMBS THE SHEER WALL OF THE MUSEUM TO THE ROOF!

I'VE GOT YOU!

IT WOULD SEEM THAT WAY IF I WASN'T PREPARED! BUT I AM! SCUTTLE HIM, MY KNAVES! I WISH TO DEPART WITH THE TREASURE!

IF YOU INSIST ON DEPARTING, TAKE THIS WITH YOU!

OWWW!



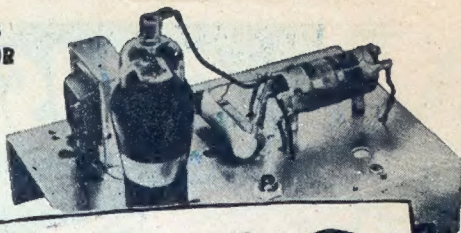




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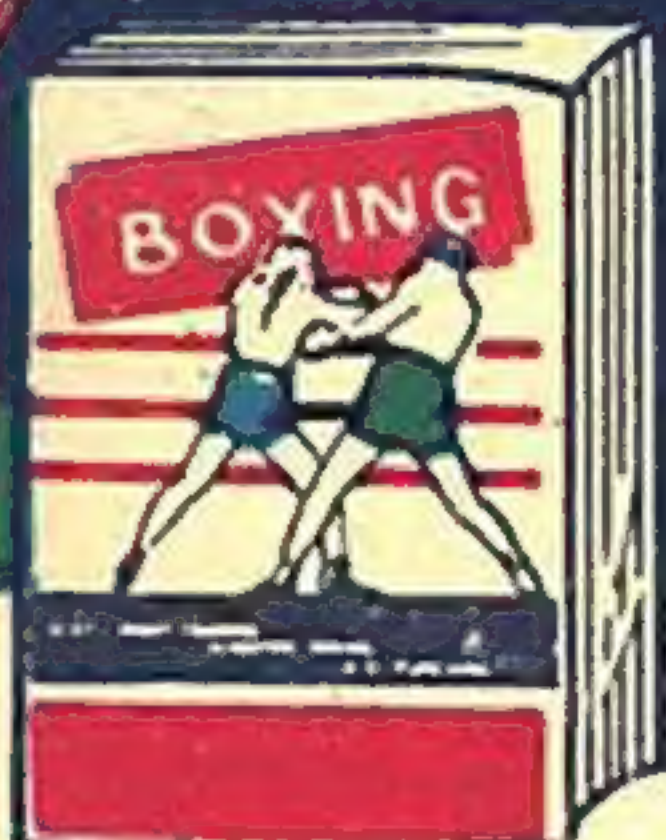
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I DIDN'T KNOW
I COULD LEARN SO
MUCH FOR SO
LITTLE MONEY



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